

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXV. No. 2410

London
September 17, 1947



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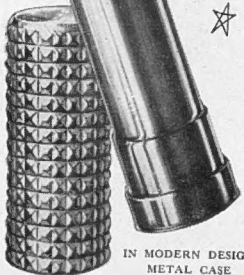
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LONDON
SEPTEMBER 17, 1947

One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXXV. No. 2410
Postage: Inland 2d. Canada &
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THE TATLER *and* BYSTANDER



Pearl Freeman

LADY DUDLEY

Lady Dudley, who married the thirteenth Lord Dudley in 1941, was formerly Miss Kirsten Laura Albrechtson, daughter of Mr. Albrechtson, of Vibsig, a well-known North Jutland landowner. Lord Dudley, who succeeded to the title in 1936, was a squadron leader during the war in the R.A.F. in which he had served in peacetime. They live at Mear House, Kempsey, Worcestershire



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



There No Trumpets Blew

THERE must have been, on that sunlit day, a song in the heart of young John Brunt. These were the last few hours of his leave and soon the big adventure was to begin; meanwhile, it was enough to tread the ground of Paddock Wood, to feel the soft Kent air ruffle his hair and to savour the strange elfin odour of ripening hops. In and about the village there were now many more women than men, and this was also so of the fields. If you listened carefully, if you caught your breath and cocked your head, you could hear the grumblings of war, far off, but persistent.

John Brunt walked on. Through the village, past the barns, by the oast-houses. A train chuffed over the level crossing, hid the "Kent Arms" for a space and then sighed to a halt. In the pub were a few men, elderly, drinking the good ale, speaking in slow rounded voices and remarking John who was off to the fighting tomorrow.

* * *

THE young man is dead now. So also is the "Kent Arms," Paddock Wood. The one lies in Italy. The other is called "John Brunt, V.C.," and there boldly swings outside it a gleaming new sign whereon is painted his portrait and which, last week, your correspondent saw unveiled.

No trumpets blew at that ceremony. They did not even stop the traffic. The village policeman was there, of course—a tall, lean youngster who had fought with the Welsh Guards in Anderson's First Army—but he did no more than raise a gently reproving hand at a boy whose farm tractor was spitting and bawling overmuch and making it difficult to hear what young John Brunt's father was saying as he stood below the new sign. High above, as on that earlier day, the strong sun was shining. The air was just as soft and was carrying just such another message. The hops were ripe again and through their ordered ranks moved the pickers, women and children—and men.

It was good to be there; good to meet John Brunt, Senr., and to see the wise crinkle of smile-lines at his eyes matched by those of his wife and daughter. This, you knew, was England, the real England, the true England, the England of hope and glory, her integrity unmatched, her solid uncompromising worth unsullied. These three people, father, mother, daughter, were clothed in a dignity and pride which acutely and instantly communicated itself to all others. The shoulders of the men became subtly squarer; the hands of the women were crossed before them in classic repose. It was good to be there.

A LITTLE later supper was being prepared at Lily Hoo, Beltring Farm, and it then seemed to me proper to read of the extraordinary exploits which gained for John Brunt the Victoria Cross.

This is what the citation said:

War Office, 8th February, 1945.

"The KING has been graciously pleased to approve the posthumous award of the VICTORIA CROSS to:

Lieutenant (temporary Captain) John Henry Cound Brunt, M.C. (258297), The Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment) (Paddock Wood, Kent).

In Italy, on the 9th December, 1944, the Platoon commanded by Captain Brunt was holding a vital sector of the line.

At dawn the German 90 Panzer Grenadier Division counter-attacked the Battalion's forward positions in great strength with three Mark IV tanks and infantry. The house around which the Platoon was dug in was destroyed and the whole area was subjected to intense mortar fire. The situation then became critical, as the anti-tank defences had been destroyed and two Sherman tanks knocked out. Captain Brunt, however, rallied his remaining men, and, moving to an alternative position, continued to hold the enemy

infantry, although outnumbered by at least three to one. Personally firing a Bren gun, Captain Brunt killed about fourteen of the enemy. His wireless set was destroyed by shell-fire, but on receiving a message by runner to withdraw to a Company locality some two hundred yards to his left and rear, he remained behind to give covering fire. When his Bren ammunition was exhausted, he fired a Piat and 2-in. Mortar, left by casualties, before he himself dashed over the open ground to the new position. This aggressive defence caused the enemy to pause, so Captain Brunt took a party back to his previous position, and although fiercely engaged by small arms fire, carried away the wounded who had been left there.

Later in the day, a further counter-attack was put in by the enemy on the axis. Captain Brunt immediately seized a spare Bren gun and, going round his forward positions, rallied his men. Then, leaping on a Sherman tank supporting the Company he ordered the tank commander to drive from one fire position to another, whilst he sat, or stood, on the turret directing Besa fire at the advancing enemy, regardless of the hail of small arms fire. Then, seeing small parties of the enemy, armed with bazookas, trying to approach round the left flank, he jumped off the tank and, taking a Bren gun, stalked these parties well in front of the Company positions, killing more and causing the enemy finally to withdraw in great haste leaving their dead behind them.

Wherever the fighting was heaviest, Captain Brunt was always to be found, moving from one post to another, encouraging the men and firing any weapon he found at any target he could see. The magnificent action fought by this Officer, his coolness, bravery, devotion to duty and complete disregard of his own personal safety under the most intense and concentrated fire was beyond praise. His personal example and individual action were responsible to a very great extent for the successful repulse of these fierce enemy counter-attacks.

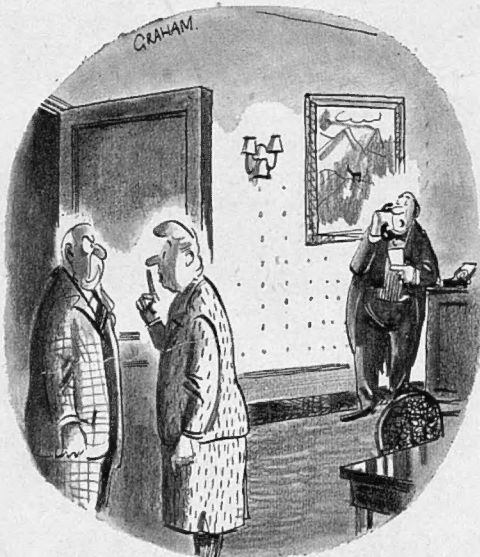
The next day Captain Brunt was killed by mortar fire."

Was it wrong to read it? Wrong for a little while to forget the living and remember the dead? The dead who gave their todays for our tomorrows? I think not. At its lowest such is a salute; at its highest—a call to service, to go all and do likewise.

* * *

THE sun had said good night and we were in Bell Field where a wooden stage snuggled comfortably at the foot of (now) brooding, somnolent oast-houses and on it

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Hush, dear! Briggs is phoning his bookmaker . . ."

were actors playing *Twelfth Night* in gaudy costume and great grimace while packed about were the men, the women and the children of the hop-fields. Was this a good idea? Arguable. It is, I think, unlikely that more than a tiny proportion of those present understood the play, or the players; but it was entertainment, it was colour; it was out of the world of the Mile End Road; it was even out of gracious Kent.

There was a man, off to my right, whose plainly ugly, pinched face glowed painfully while within him the dammed and pent-up forces of the genuine æsthete fought wildly for the nourishment which here was laid before them. Upon that man's back, clinging to him with taut arms, was a child. She was asleep. Near him was an elderly woman who steadily and methodically combed the fair head of her baby and paid no heed to God, Shakespeare or man.

Packed tight about me were many, many children and one desired that I take her on my knee since she was so small and could not see the stage. Shortly she was joined by another such child. "Are they real men and women," this one asked, "... not just people on the pictures?" I told her that these were indeed real people but that they were also actors—and straightway was plunged into one of those impossible explanations that bedevil the adult mind when it seeks a simple answer to a simple question. From this predicament (and the gentleman who played Malvolio will, I am sure, forgive me) there could be but one relief: "Go up to the stage and pinch that chap on the leg when he gets near the corner," I told the child. And right fearlessly, having fought her way to the front, she did it and returned with a shining face to say, "Yes, he's real. I *pinched* him."

Now add, in conclusion, that the play was put on by "The Taverners," an amateur company, who in the past few years have presented fifty-seven different plays (more than 1,000 performances) in public houses. One trusts that the professional gentlemen who seek talent do not overlook them, for at least three of this company have, in my humble view, ability much beyond average.

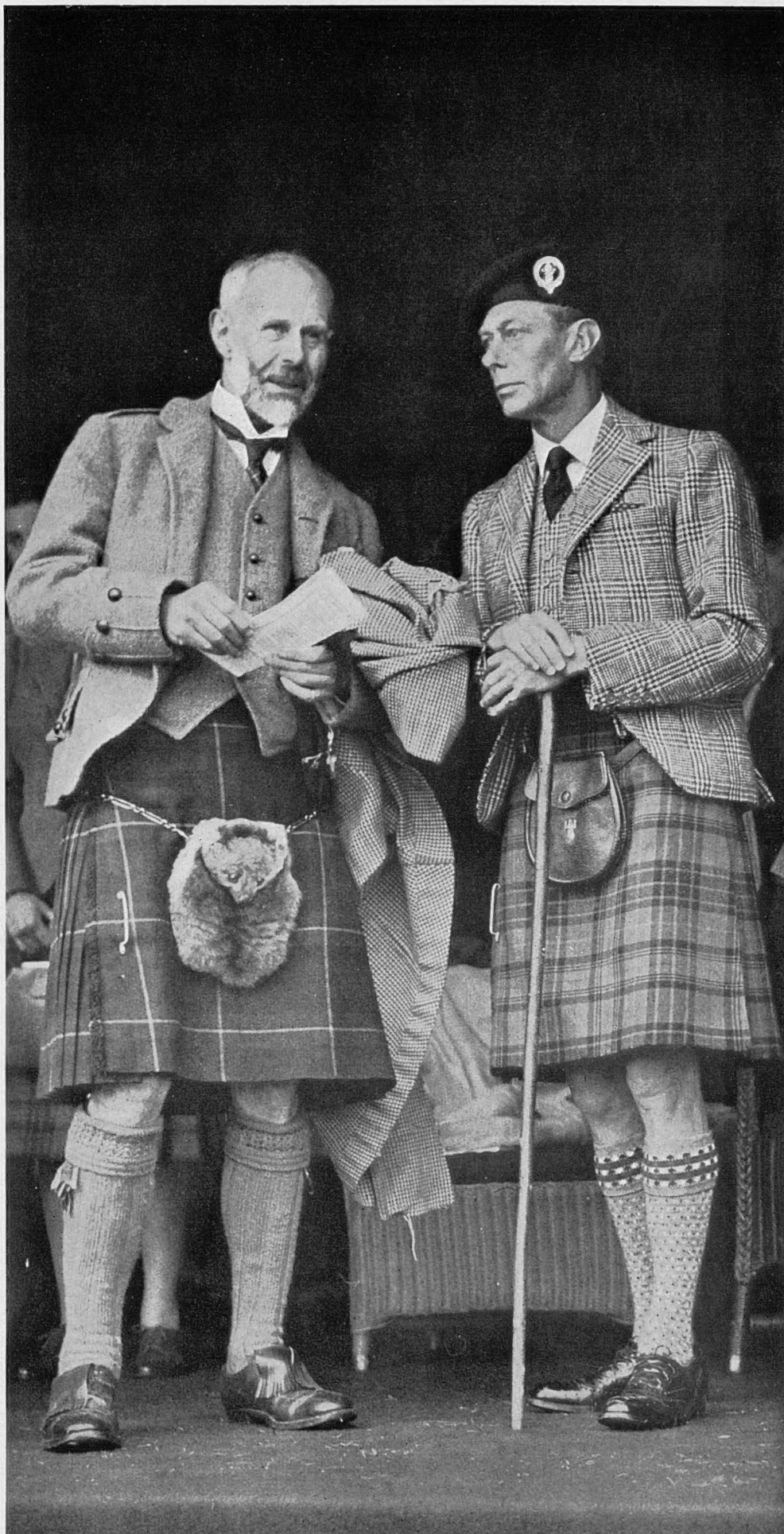
THERE are two matters of artistic interest to which I draw attention.

An exhibition of the "Human Form in Indian Sculpture" has been opened in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in Imperial Institute Road, and among those who have helped to launch it is Ram Gopal, widely recognized as the most distinguished living exponent of the classical Indian Dance. Before the war he had already achieved a world reputation. He now specializes in the Bharata Natya and Kathakali forms of the Tandava (masculine) style, and has also made a long study of Kathak, Manipuri and other schools of the Indian folk and classical tradition.

THE British Council has assembled a collection of about 120 paintings and drawings by contemporary British artists, which will be sent out to South Africa at the end of this month.

This collection has been selected by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir Eric Maclagan, consisting of Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones, Mr. William Coldstream and Mr. John Rothenstein. It is expected that the collection will remain in South Africa for nearly a year and will visit most of the major art galleries and museums in the dominion.

Sean Fielding



HIS MAJESTY AT BRAEMAR

The Highland Games at Braemar received again this year the customary honour of a visit from the King and Queen, who were accompanied, as in 1946, by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. His Majesty is seen talking in the Royal Pavilion with the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Jane. From the Somerset Maugham short story. Yvonne Arnaud's unique talent for comedy is most ably supported by Ronald Squire, Charles Victor and Irene Browne. Last weeks.

CRITERION—School for Spinsters. By Roland Pertwee. Iris Hoey, Sheila Sim and Derek Blomfield are in this Boer War period piece about a domineering father.

DUCHESSE—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley and brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

GLOBE—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic adventure into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley. Moving to Lyric, September 29.

LYRIC—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative survey of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion. Moving to Aldwych, September 29.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Hubert Gregg, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

ST. JAMES'S—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

SAVILLE—Noose. Charles Goldner, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's new light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three! Presenting the Hales—Binnie and Sonnie.

HIPPODROME—Perchance to Dream. Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

PALACE—1066 And All That. Leslie Henson, Doris Hare and Edwin Styles gambol through the ages in a series of historical incidents in a far from serious vein.

PALLADIUM—Here, There and Everywhere. Tommy Trinder's song and mirth show.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Fields and a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



John Heawood leads globetrotter Beryl Seaton and siren Felicity Gray in a gay fandango, lending only half an ear to the devastating comments of urbane Max Adrian

At the "Tuppence Coloured"

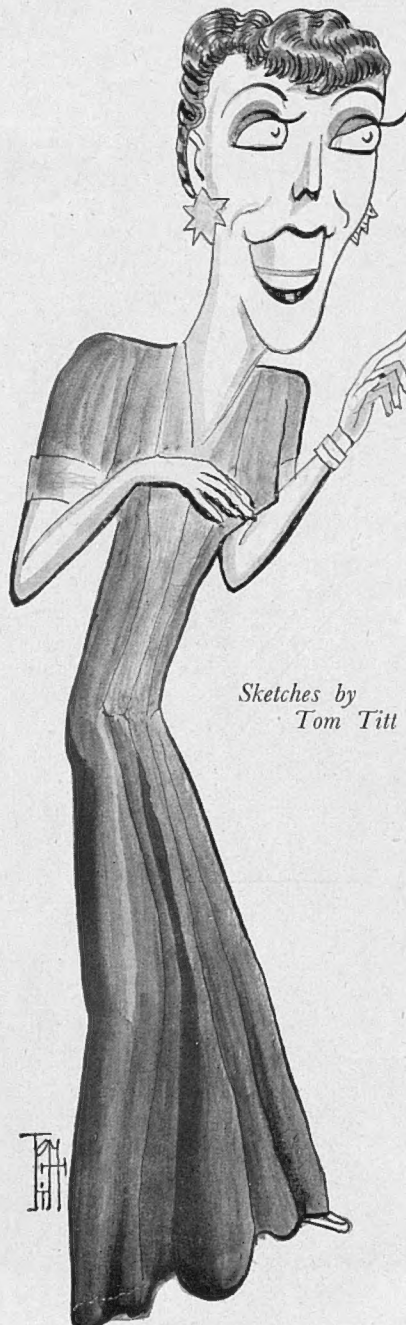
EVERY lucky event, as the Chinese philosopher remarked after profound meditation, bequeaths the wish that it would happen again. Some of us never find our way to Nigel Playfair's dusky little theatre, which lurks among the railway lines and cross roads off Hammersmith Broadway as though intent on baffling an unwanted homing pigeon, without wishing that we were in for another *Riverside Nights*.

Usually we have to make do with Euripides or with the rather more pessimistic M. Sartre, but now, at last, there bobs up—no, not another *Riverside Nights*—but an intimate revue with sufficient wit and intelligence to turn Hammersmith once again into (theatrically speaking) the gayest of London districts.

Only one weakness keeps *Tuppence Coloured* beneath the highest plane open to this kind of entertainment. It suffers from the delusion common to all the lesser revues—that there must be something resembling ballet, that there is nothing very much in ballet and that most people will gratefully accept as ballet any hopeful sort of hopping, skipping and jumping, provided that the patterns of colour flung about the stage are not positively displeasing.

MR. LAURIER LISTER whose admirable taste the rest of the revue reflects, really should overhaul some of the interludes. The alternative, the almost unthinkable alternative, would be to suppress Miss Joyce Grenfell's sketch of the gawky, earnest and lack-lustre lady seeking in song and dance to evoke elfin echoes among the mountains. The interludes simply cannot stand up to such devastating criticism.

There is no more than that to be said against the show. All that follows must be praise, modulated here and there merely to break the monotony. Some may wish that John Gay's "Black-Eyed Susan" had been given on its merits as a song, thinking the comic illustrations meretricious, and some—but I am not one of them—that the first half were a little less consistently satirical. But satirical or merely diverting, the lyric writers are all in happy vein, especially Mr. Nicholas Phipps, Mr. Arthur Macrae and Miss Grenfell, and the trio of principals, a brilliant trio—Miss Grenfell, Miss Elisabeth Welch, the negro singer, and Mr. Max Adrian—miss none of the points offered them.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Joyce Grenfell whose satire, though delicate, has a razor-edge which cuts through the horniest pretensions like butter



Miss Bulstrode (Joyce Grenfell) and Mrs. Moltis (Daphne Oxenford) sing with great intensity about the pleasures and drawbacks of the Riviera, in "Nice"



Dennis Martyn voices the woes and hopes of postwar Eire



Franklyn Bennett as the tennis wizard with the ferocious grin



Elisabeth Welch who in half a dozen moods neatly anatomizes the contemporary scene, from "Beasts of Prey" to "The Jabberwocky Song"

BACKSTAGE



It looks as if *Edward, My Son*, which transfers from His Majesty's to the Lyric on September 29, will make theatrical history. Of the £45,000 for which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the film rights its authors, Robert Morley and Noel Langley, will each take £14,000. The rest is shared by the agents and by Henry Sherek and Gilbert Miller who jointly present it.

The future of this highly successful play is planned for a long way ahead. In September next year Morley, Peggy Ashcroft and the entire company will take it to New York after which they will tour it in Australia, New Zealand and possibly South Africa, and if present plans hold good they will not return to England until 1950.

Sherek, by the way, will send *A Sleeping Clergyman* to New York next year with its three stars, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton and Francis Lister.

THE only member of the cast in the revival of *The Farmer's Wife* at the Apollo who acted in the original production is Helena Pickard (Lady Hardwicke) who plays the part of the elderly spinster, Thirza Tapper. During the phenomenal run (1,324 performances) which began at the Court in March, 1924, she had a minor part.

Few members of Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company were then known to London playgoers but among them were Cedric Hardwicke, Raymond Huntley, Colin Keith-Johnston, Melville Cooper, Eileen Beldon and Frances Doble.

A NEW type of entertainment combining cabaret, variety and revue" is Val Parnell's description of the show which succeeds *Perchance to Dream* at the Hippodrome next month. In addition to Vic Oliver, Pat Kirkwood and Fred Emney as stars there will be a number of new international variety acts.

Robert Nesbitt produces, Eric Maschwitz will supply the book and sketches, the music has been composed and arranged by George Melachrino and something startling may be expected from Lucien Berteaux, the Parisian dress designer.

DERRICK DE MARNEY who is presenting *All Over the Town* which is now in rehearsal regards this as the best play which R. F. Delderfield, author of *Worm's Eye View* has written. As I indicated recently it is based upon the author's personal experience and concerns small-town politics and local journalism. Peter Neil as a young idealistic newspaperman and Rosalind Boulter head the cast.

THERE will be an interesting cast for Henry Sherek's revival of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* due shortly at Wyndham's. It includes Ernest Thesiger, Rosamund John, Francis Lister, Brenda Bruce and James Donald. Peter Ashmore is producing.

THE new season of poetic plays opens at the Mercury, Notting Hill tomorrow with an Irish play which F. Martin Browne discovered during his holiday in Dublin. The play is *Happy as Larry*, and the author is Donagh McDonagh, a circuit judge in Eire. He calls it "a comedy melodrama in ballade."

First produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin a few months ago for a Sunday performance it was transferred to the Gaiety and after a fortnight's capacity business returned to the Abbey. At the Mercury it will have an eighty per cent Irish cast including Liam Redmond and Fred Johnston an ex-Abbey player. Before it will come a Sean O'Casey curtain-raiser—a prose play called *A Pound on Demand* written, he says, when funds were low.

WHEN the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company from Stratford-on-Avon opens its first West End season at His Majesty's on October 2 the company of fifty will include Robert Harris, Beatrix Lehmann, Paul Schofield, Walter Hudd and nineteen-year-old Daphne Slater whose *Juliet*, and the production of the play by twenty-three year old Peter Brook, provided the most controversial event of this year's festival.

In this visit Sir Barry Jackson, as director of the Memorial Theatre, revives his memorable association with the London Theatre which lasted from 1922 to 1932.

Beaumont Newhall

Theatre

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

The best of the lyrics falls to Miss Welch, and with richly satisfying warmth and ease she bids defiance to existentialism, the brand of Gallic pessimism lately exhibited on this same stage by M. Jean-Paul Sartre, than whom, of course, "nobody could be SMARTRE." But warmth and ease are in everything that Miss Welch sings, and whether lamenting the man who will never come home to suffer again or preaching one of Herbert Farjeon's savage little sermons on man, who knows so much better than the beasts of prey and behaves so much worse, Miss Welch is always entirely herself, an enviable state of being to which she attains apparently without effort.

It is late in the day to extol the fine acuity of Miss Grenfell's satire, especially when it fastens on some extremely silly woman who has no reason to doubt her own good intentions, but I can recall no other revue in which she has been so consistently successful. With what fantastic precision she represents the American lady just returned from England and full of our sufferings as she has observed them at the Dorchester, Claridge's and the Savoy. Not the least of our troubles, as she explains to her friend, is that "they have a government which is not on their side."

How nicely balanced on a few words is the comparison she draws between the happiness of the Countess of Coteley when she had twenty servants and could have twenty more, and when she had no servants at all and had become a sort of W.V.S. typist. Was the bediamonded woman of leisurely elegance happy? "More—or less." Was the harassed survivor of two world wars happy? "Ye-es." Miss Grenfell makes the answer pellucidly clear in spite of the words with which she gives the answer.

AND then there is Mr. Max Adrian, always adequate to his opportunities and a great deal more than adequate as the mad signalman operating amid delightful scenery by Emett, and not knowing whether he is drawing a pint of beer or sending yet another train to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head. Among the composers of the contemporary music is Mr. Benjamin Britten and Mr. Richard Addinsell. Altogether a show that should draw fashion to Hammersmith, if fashion is on the lookout for adult fun.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Freda Bruce Lockhart



Edwige Feuillère as Countess Chotek in the Viennese film "Sarajevo"

At The Pictures

Autumn Renaissance

AFTER a film season of unsurpassed silliness, two distinguished pictures in one week are apt to go to the head. Gratitude for at least momentarily restored faith in the cinema, and for a complete contrast with the drab clichés of conscientiously contemporary films, may tempt me to exaggerate the qualities of *Sarajevo*,

the French film at the Academy, or of *The October Man*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. But if it be suggested that these are "escapist" films, I am not ashamed to say "let me escape."

Sarajevo is a return to romance in the grand manner. There has been, I think, no such romantic film since *Mayerling*, to which this is in a sense a companion piece. For its subject is, of course, the other Habsburg tragedy: the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand's morganatic marriage to the Countess Sophie Chotek, and their murder in 1914 which was the direct pretext for the first World War.

History—in outline at least—has not been unduly outraged to form an integral part of this most delicate and tender picture of two people in love, caught up in the duties of their state in life and helpless in the machinations of diplomacy. The Czech Countess's patriotism, the Austrian Archduke's liberal dreams of reform, check their one attempt to run away and live as private people; they must return to responsibility and the inflexible etiquette of the Viennese Imperial Court, which offers her titles and rents to remain his discreet mistress, but only in the last resort confers on her even the dubious status of morganatic marriage. That their aristocratic acceptance of standards so alien to the world around us convinces absolutely, even while it astonishes, is a tribute to the Austrian director, Max Ophüls' immaculate sense of period and place; and to the exquisite performance of Madame Edwige Feuillère as Sophie.

MADAME FEUILLÈRE is ravishing; her Sophie is a creature of grace and spirit, of infinite elegance and dignity under all the humiliations to which Franz-Joseph and his Chancellor subject her. Mr. John Lodge as the Archduke holds his own in a handpicked cast of the finest French actors. The great Jean Worms appears in the tiny though important part of the aged autocrat, Franz-Joseph; Aimos in the still smaller one of the Archduke's valet. Aime Clariond, impressive headmaster of *Les Disparus de St. Agil*, is coldly brilliant as the implacable, unscrupulous Chancellor. But next to Madame Feuillère's, the most enchanting performance is that of Madame Gabrielle Dorziat, as the Archduke's muddled-headed, warm-hearted mother, the Archduchess Maria Theresa. The scene where, from her bed, she entertains Sophie, and sweetly, gently, makes

provision for the liaison, is a model of superb manners, of civilized tact and sensibility on both sides.

Nostalgia for a gracious way of living we can still almost remember, for a period so near our own but so completely past is perhaps *Sarajevo*'s most potent magic. There is a double nostalgia in the allusions to the dream—attributed here to the Archduke—of a United States of Austria, some form of which probably still offers the only hope of peace in that unhappy part of Europe.

No doubt our own consciousness, from the beginning of the film, of the tragedy that must end it contributes to the sense of doom overhanging the romance; but it is most subtly built up from the old Archduchess's forlorn appeal to the Emperor not to drive the lovers to a second Mayerling, to the presentiment which makes Sophie humble herself to ask permission to join her husband in Sarajevo.

Perhaps in 1939, when the film was made, it might have seemed less of a showpiece than *Mayerling*; in its present-day setting it is a rare jewel.

THERE is nothing very romantic about *The October Man*, unless it is Miss Joan Greenwood's appearance as the heroine. With her blessedly individual voice, rare repose and rather uneven beauty, Miss Greenwood looks to me more like a new star than any actress in British studios since Miss Deborah Kerr left for Hollywood. Such a possibility is too welcome to ignore; but it is by no means the most important or most attractive thing about the picture.

Nor, on the face of it, is the story of a young man (John Mills) who emerges from a car crash with melancholic, suicidal tendencies and reasonable uncertainty about his own mental condition. He takes a quiet job in a suburban laboratory; but when a girl in his hotel is murdered on the common one dark night, a strong case is built up against him out of residents' tittle-tattle, police obtuseness and his own mental record.

THIS might have been a morbid little horror of a picture. But it has been written and produced by one man (Eric Ambler) without the multiple services of the usual too many cooks in the form of adapters or additional dialogue writers. This means that the film was conceived in integrity. It has been directed in the same spirit by Roy Baker, who has resisted every temptation to sentimentalize or melodramatize.

Another point: down at the bottom of the cast list, in very small letters, I find the words "F. Del Giudice in Charge of Production." Now in what are called informed circles, Mr. Del Giudice is usually given most of the credit for *Henry V*. *The October Man* is on nothing like that scale, but it observes the same standards of taste and truth which had lately seemed in danger of being already forgotten in some British studios.

Every chest and chair, every uninviting bedstead in the depressing residential hotel, is familiar. The suburb lives in rich meticulous photography

(though the sun too seldom shines); the corner of the common where the girl is strangled—dripping trees, lonely lamp-post at the cross-roads—is the scene of a dozen front-page murders, a corner of every common one has ever known.

Characters—with the possible exception of the pig-headed police—are individuals, not mouth-pieces or symbols of this or that. My one serious criticism is that the distinguished stage players who interpret the hotel inmates, for all their conscientious care—or perhaps because of it—just miss the absolute truth of the rest of the picture's detail. But the Cardens (Mr. Patrick Holt and Miss Adrienne Allen) are the very people to whose home Jim might plausibly and gladly be invited; and even Carden's sister, Jenny (Miss Greenwood), though a lucky find, is not an improbable one.

Mr. Mills himself, always a sensitive actor, seems to improve with each picture. As this nice ordinary young man, under a terrible mental strain and threat of injustice, he is often heartrending. Even the police are the more terrifying for not seeming at all abnormal in their bland singlemindedness. Every bit of evidence Jim can produce only increases their belief in his insanity. When he tells his story for the umpteenth time, and ends up "So I couldn't have done it—could I?" with an agony of uncertainty in the question, the inspector's impassive face made me feel that the imperturbably gentlemanly methods of our wonderful police might be just as sinister as those of any Gestapo or N.K.V.D.

ANGLO-SAXON police, or rather prison staff, again appear in very sinister light in *Brute Force*, at the Tivoli. Having had more than enough of brute force lately on the screen, I screwed up my nerves for the worst and was almost comforted to find myself in the old prison walls, among shades of Cagney, Muni and all the other Hollywood heroes of convict films. Not for long: the brute force, when it is finally turned on by a Nazi-like, sadistic, power-lustful prison guard (unpleasantly well played by Hume Cronyn) is savage beyond the extremes of entertainment. The convicts are sentimentalized, but there is an idea in this crude film, for which in most recent weeks one might have spared a certain grim gratitude.

For some eighteen years now, Paramount have at intervals produced giant variety films in which the audience is invited inside the Paramount studios to see a number of Paramount stars doing familiar and unfamiliar tricks. There is always a certain limited amount of amusement to be found in the mingled self-mockery and self-advertisement, and *Variety Girl*, now at the Carlton, has its very funny moments—most of them in the first half-hour. But the revival of the same company's neat bit of violence for violence's sake, *This Gun for Hire*, at the Plaza, starring Mr. Alan Ladd and Miss Veronica Lake at their earliest and best, is vastly superior entertainment, brute force notwithstanding.

Another, and more worthwhile, revival is *Theirs is the Glory*, the superb Arnhem film, at the Astoria.

DARIA BAYAN

Miss Daria Bayan, the leading singer of the Cambridge Theatre's opera season, will be adding the role of Zerbina to her repertoire when *Don Giovanni* opens on October 15. Miss Bayan, who was born in Leningrad in the days when it was St. Petersburg, spent her childhood in China, was educated in Switzerland, studied art in Vienna and singing, under Dino Borgioli, in pre-war London. Her two previous roles, Mimi in *Bohème* and Gilda in *Rigoletto*, both call for harassing death scenes, but as Mozart's delicious flirting peasant girl Miss Bayan will remain very decidedly "alive" until the final curtain



Photograph by Fred Daniels



The crowded scene at Princess Royal Park, Braemar, where the games were conducted by the Royal Highland Society. The King and Queen and the Princesses were present

THE HIGHLAND GAMES

LARGE GATHERINGS AT BRAEMAR AND ABOYNE FOR THE FAMOUS TRADITIONAL CONTESTS



Sir Mehmed Munir, of Cyprus, Mr. Malcolm Davidson and Mr. Gordon S. Duncan at the Aboyne Games



Also at Aboyne: Miss June Nesbitt, the Hon. Jean Coats, Miss Zoe d'Erlanger and (behind) Mr. Robert Compton



The Marchioness of Aberdeen, the Marquess of Huntly, the Marquess of Aberdeen and the Marchioness of Huntly



Lord Glentanar (right) chatting with Sir Thomas and Lady Lucy Innes, of Learney, at Aboyne



Mrs. A. S. Bannerman, Mrs. R. Secker and Miss Douglas Jones were three more spectators



Mr. C. Cunningham Jardine, Miss S. Goury du Roslan, Miss J. Vaughan, Mr. P. O. Carmichael and Miss J. Cunningham Jardine



.... PARADISE ENOW

Permission to bang the big drum having been given by Drummer C. McGormery, of the Gordon Highlanders, the young Earl of Aboyne and his sister, Lady Lemina Gordon, swing delightedly away under the supervision of their mother, the Marchioness of Huntly



Mrs. Henry Howard with her children, Natalie, aged three, and George, aged two. She is the wife of the late Sir Henry Howard's grandson, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk. Before her marriage she was Miss Natalie Bayard Merrill, a first cousin of the former Cornelia Vanderbilt, now the Hon. Mrs. John Francis Amherst Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Howard live at Merrilton, Newport, R.I., but keep in close touch with their British friends, who include Viscount Tarbat and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Constable-Maxwell, an aunt of Lord Lovat

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

FROM Balmoral I hear preparations are going on for the wedding. The King has decided that details shall not be made known piecemeal, but shall all be announced together, probably about the middle of September. Two main decisions that have been taken so far are that Court dress and full-dress uniform shall not be worn at the Abbey, and that there will be State drives both before and after the ceremony.

Lt.-Col. the Hon. Piers Legh, who, as Master of the Household, has the far from easy task, in these days of stringencies and shortages, of making all the arrangements inside the Palace for the reception and the wedding breakfast, has completed all that can be done in advance, and has gone off with Lady Legh for a well-earned holiday in Eire, from which he will return to resume wedding preparations. Another holiday-maker in the Royal household is Major Tom Harvey, Her Majesty's popular private secretary, who has been spending his leave at home in Norfolk with his wife and children.

At Balmoral, though not on holiday, are, among others, Sir Alan Lascelles, private

secretary to His Majesty, to whom the economic crisis and its repercussions have brought a great deal of extra work; Major Michael Adeane, assistant private secretary, and Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, His Majesty's Equerry and very old friend. Sir Alan is staying with Lady Lascelles at a house a few miles from the Castle, and Major Adeane is also staying with his wife a few miles away, cycling in to his duties most mornings.

NOT far from Balmoral, over at Birkhall, the Duchess of Kent is staying with her children, who are a picturesque little trio in their kilts and well-tailored tweed jackets. The two elder children, the young Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, are taking an immense interest in all that goes on in the way of preparations for the wedding of their cousin, Princess Elizabeth.

The people of Crathie were delighted recently when Princess Alexandra went to their new hall to hear a concert given by local children.

From Edinburgh I went on down to York for two days' racing, including the Ebor

Handicap and the Gimcrack Stakes. There was splendid sport right throughout the four days, including a "match," which is quite a rare event these days, although only a revival of a form of wagering popular 100 years ago.

THIS time the match was arranged after Lord Stanley's Benny Lynch and Lord Rosebery's Celandine finished within a head of each other in the Arundel Private Sweepstake run at the July meeting at Goodwood (this, incidentally, was a new race arranged between guests of the Duke of Norfolk staying at Arundel for 1946 Goodwood). In the match at York, which was for £100 aside, Benny Lynch, the favourite, ridden by D. Smith, beat Celandine, ridden by his brother, Eph. Smith, by three lengths. Another popular win that afternoon was in the Nunthorpe Stakes, which was won by Capt. Jack Fielden's Como, who has become a course favourite, and I was told was cheered home as the gallant old Brown Jack used to be at Ascot.

The Ebor was won in convincing style by Mr. Joel's Procne. The owner was not there

to see his horse win, but the popular North-country trainer, Capt. Elsey, was beaming with delight and receiving congratulations all around.

THE Gimcrack Stakes next day was won by that good American owner Mr. William Woodward, chairman of the New York Jockey Club, with his magnificent colt Black Tarquin in record time. Although the winner was bred in the United States, he is by a British sire, Rhodes Scholar, who won the Eclipse Stakes for Lord Astor in 1936, and was later sold to go to America.

Mr. Woodward, who was not present to see the victory, has had horses in training with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort in this country for many years, and everyone in the racing world hopes he will come over here to attend the Gimcrack dinner, and make the annual speech. This dinner and the race were founded in 1846 in memory of Gimcrack, a famous horse of the eighteenth century, who won twenty-seven out of his thirty-seven races. Another successful American owner was Mr. R. S. Clark, who had a winner and a second at the meeting, both bred in America but trained by Harry Peacock in Yorkshire.

Three out of the four runners in the Great Yorkshire Stakes were French horses, and there was tremendous cheering when High Stakes pulled out to win this race for Lord Astor and uphold the prestige of British bloodstock. Lord Astor, who won the first race with Bill of Fare and brought off another double on the final day, was another absent owner, but his son, the Hon. "Jakey" Astor, was there with his lovely Argentine-born wife, who, as usual, was wearing the most superb clothes. It is fortunate for the future of racing under both rules that young Mr. Astor takes such a keen interest in a practical way, and promises in time to be as great a pillar of the Turf as his father has been for many years.

AMONG the racegoers I saw the Earl of Harewood watching the racing from the Princess Royal's box, and in the one next to it I noticed Viscountess Fitz Alan, wearing a large and elegant plumed hat. In the tier above, Mrs. Brotherton had friends with her in her box, including Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller.

The Marchioness of Linlithgow, very good-looking in navy blue and white, arrived with the Earl of Feversham. Lady Serena James, looking cool and pretty in a brown and white printed dress, was with her elder daughter Ursula, who was accompanied by her fiancé, Capt. the Hon. David Lethell; they are to be married in London in October. Lunching in the very cool and airy dining-room I met Lord and Lady Mowbray and Sourton, who had come over from Allerton Park with their daughter Patricia. At the next table Gen. Sir Montagu Stopford, the G.O.C. Northern Command; and Lady Stopford were lunching in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Denton Carlisle and their tall daughter Jacqueline, who is an enthusiastic racegoer.

Mrs. Penn Curzon Howe Herrick, looking very attractive in red, was at a nearby table. She had motored over from Clifton Castle with her popular husband, who is one of the stipendiary stewards. The Marquess of Hartington, smart in his Panama, was escorting the Marchioness, who was in a dress of navy blue spotted with red, and a shallow straw hat trimmed with two quills across the brim.

Major and Mrs. Liddel were over from Warwickshire for the meeting, the latter looking very attractive in yellow with a white hat. Lord Zetland I saw chatting to

Mrs. Geoffrey Sherston. A quartet discussing the prospects of the day were Lord and Lady Grimthorpe with Major and Mrs. P. I. Pease, while Mrs. Nigel Weatherall was chatting to Mrs. Trotter, who had given a very enjoyable dance for her daughter and twin sons on the opening night of the meeting. Many people told me it was tremendous fun and so well done.

Others on the stand included Lady Chaytor in yellow, Major and Mrs. "Phil" Cripps, both looking very summery, Major and Mrs. Gordon Foster, Major and Mrs. Anthony Fielden, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Tufton, Mr. David Lycett-Green talking to Lady Graham, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, wearing a very natty boater complete with I.Z. hat-band, with his wife, Lady Sykes, Viscountess Irwin and her cousin, Mrs. Peter Hastings.

Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, Major Dermot Daly, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, looking most attractive all in white, and Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the latter wearing a large black hat with her patterned dress, were enjoying a short respite from the sweltering sun in one of the private luncheon rooms.

Miss F. Lane-Fox, the popular secretary of the Bramham Moor Hunt, had a group of friends continuously around her wheel-chair. Miss Lane-Fox, who contracted the now prevalent infantile paralysis when she was a child, has bravely overcome all difficulties and is to be seen at most events in the county in her motor-chair.

THERE were any number of very pretty girls racing each day, and among those I especially noticed were Lady Mary Lumley-Savile and her cousin, Miss Ursula James, Miss Jane Stockton, who, with her parents, lives conveniently near the course, Miss Rose Grimston, who wore an attractive, large white hat, Miss Anne Weatherall, who is dark with lovely colouring, Miss Elizabeth Fenwicke-Clennell and Miss Jill Sherston. The Earl and Countess of Durham, the latter looking smart in navy blue and white one day, were delighted when White Jacket won the Lonsdale Handicap.

Also at this very enjoyable meeting were Mr. Richard and Lady Jane Scrope, the Countess of Feversham, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Lady Mitchell, the Marchioness of Zetland with her daughter Lady Viola Dundas, Mrs. Charles Field Marsham, Mrs. Vera Milburn, Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth, Mrs. Myles Thompson and her daughter Maureen, Mrs. George Lambton, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Robert Stephens, who have just moved into a house near Tadcaster, Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham, who was chatting to Mr. Victor Cartwright, and Mrs. Wilfred Holden, who was staying at Harrogate to recuperate after her recent attack of pneumonia.

Among the men I saw Viscount Irwin, the Earl of Ronaldshay, the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Mr. William Weatherall, Mr. Jeremy Tree, Mr. Jeremy Graham, the Hon. Richard Stanley, the Hon. Algernon Howard, Mr. Michael Watson, Mr. Arthur Smith Bingham, Sir William Cooke, Sir Eric Ohlson, Mr. Jack Thursby and his brother Peter, Sir Richard Sykes, who was one of the Stewards and won several races during the week, and Mr. Jack Colling, who had a very successful meeting with four winners.

A BALL was recently held in Perthshire in aid of the Scottish Queen's Nurses Pension Fund, under the patronage of the Countess of Mansfield. For this ball, Lord James Stewart-Murray and the Hon. Mrs. A. Murray kindly lent Blair Castle. Over 300



D. R. Stuart

Ex-King Leopold of Belgium during a pause in the Swiss Amateur Golf Championships at Sameden, where he played under the pseudonym of Prince de Réthy. He has a scratch handicap



Dennis Moss

Lady Wright and Mrs. C. H. S. Townsend at Cheltenham Horse Show. Mrs. Townsend is the wife of Col. Townsend, Joint Master with Lady Apsley of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) Hunt

guests danced in the magnificent ballroom hung with ancient banners and some very fine portraits of the Atholl family. The flowers in the castle were exquisite, and had all been arranged beautifully by Mrs. Reid.

As guests assembled, mostly in their picturesque Highland dress, the ball opened with the Grand March, which was piped by the pipers of the Atholl Highlanders—a magnificent and impressive scene. Among those who came to the ball, many of them bringing parties, were Lord James Stewart-Murray, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, who was convener of the ball committee, and her son Ian, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield and their son Viscount Stormont, Lord Forteviot, over from Dupplin Castle, Major and Mrs. Stewart-Stevens, who were also members of the ball committee, and their sons Blair Stewart-Wilson and Jocelyn Stevens, and the Earl and Countess Cadogan, who came over from Murthly.

ALso enjoying the ball were Major and the Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond Moray, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. George Nairn and his wife, Lady Ley, Major and Mrs. George Richmond, Lady Abertay, Mrs. de Pass, Mr. Robert de Pass, Major-Gen. Sir James and Lady Drew, Brig. Gray-Wilson, Col. Rush, Sir Gifford and Lady Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burrell, the Hon. Mrs. Barbour, and Mrs. Paterson of Old Blair, to whom a great amount of the credit for the tremendous success of the ball is due. She worked untiringly as hon. secretary, and her efforts were certainly rewarded, as everyone said how much they had enjoyed this lovely ball, in such an ideal setting

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



His Excellency the
Soviet Ambassador,
M. Georgi Zarubin

INSTINCTIVELY, Ambassadors and raw Attachés, counsellors and secretaries stop conversations at crowded London diplomatic receptions, nudge one another and whisper, "Mr. Zarubin has arrived." If the vigorously-moving Soviet Ambassador smiles, even faintly, fellow-guests say, "He is in a good mood!" If Georgi Zarubin should cross long fingers over the wide chest, inquiringly raise thick eyebrows, a hundred guests audibly decide "The Ambassador is displeased."

Tall, square-shouldered, lithe, big-domed, youthful, Zarubin is the "star" Ambassador of 180,000,000 people in sixteen constituent republics occupying 8,760,000 square miles (more than four entire Europes), who, in the words of Mr. Churchill, helped largely to save the world from Hitler and Mussolini, lost 10,000,000 lives and thousands of villages, towns and cities.

He steps swiftly into a comfortable limousine which stops in "Millionaires' Row," near the houses of Nepal, Syria, Norway. Massive wooden doors open, and the envoy hurries across the carpeted lounge, beneath forty-five enormous panes of glass, to his study. There is no rubbish on the principal table, no documents, no "imposing" papers. And the telephone seldom disturbs host or guest.

LIKE many others in his country, Zarubin is an example of a starving boy become a world figure. He left Moscow at thirteen, already orphaned, and out of his monthly earnings of 15 rubles in a factory, spent five on evening classes in the "gymnasium" (secondary school). In 1918, at eighteen, he fought for the Red Army as a technical officer; in 1924 he went to direct factories.

After a distinguished career, including five years as head of the Moscow Academy, he rose, in 1937, to be chief of all Soviet technical institutes for training light-industry engineers. After a year as deputy chief of the Soviet Pavilion in the New York World Fair, Zarubin was selected for headship of the important American and Latin-American section in the Narkomindel (Foreign Office). The Embassy in Ottawa followed in 1944, and two years later the Court of St. James's.

In his youth he enjoyed racing a motor-cycle, hunting, rabbiting, fishing. Now there are only Russian and English books for the occasional evening hours of leisure, papers, letters, documents. For he is not only chief of mission, but also a member of commissions and international conferences.

THE atmosphere in London is different from that of 1943 or even 1944. "I shall strive to the best of my ability for the improvement of Anglo-Soviet relations," Zarubin once told me, his grey, motionless eyes fully on mine, the hand doodling a series of ever-thicker circles. "A settlement in Europe to which Russia is not a party is impossible. Without a proper understanding between the Soviet Union and Great Britain it is difficult to solve successfully European problems, especially the problem of Germany. In so short time in Moscow it was not feasible to settle the great question of Germany. The Russian people lost so much that no German settlement is possible without meeting their reparation claims."

The low-pitched voice is musical, courteous, specific.



Some of the entrants in the competition at Abercairney, which was for a cup presented by Mrs. Hepburn: Maureen Benson, Sarah Wilkins, Lucy Drummond Moray and Patsy Johnstone

CRIEFF PONY CLUB COMPETITION



Susan Roberts, daughter of Sir James and Lady Roberts, of Strathallan Castle, on Domino—



—and her seven-year-old brother, David, who is Sir James's third son, on Angela



Veronica Crichton, of Monzie Castle, replies to questions by the examiner, Capt. Barracough, of the Scottish Horse



McLaren, Perth
Three of the spectators: Mrs. Holland, of Colquhalzie, Crieff; Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton, Senior; and General Becke, Crieff



Musical chairs on horseback was an exhilarating event at the Quorn Hunt Pony Club's annual show at Craven Lodge Club, Melton Mowbray

QUORN PONY SHOW AND DANCE



Lord Crawshaw, who won the Novices' Prize on his pony Manhattan. He succeeded to the title last year



Helen Newbold, an entrant in the Nine and Under Class



Mrs. Marsh presenting her Challenge Cup to Miss Maureen Sayer, who won the Equitation Tests on her pony Solo Flight



Jane Needham, who won the Birkett Cup for the Club's best junior rider under fourteen, on her pony Craven Bess



Lady Newtown Butler, Capt. Eric Crossfield and Major R. M. Bourne at the dance which was given after the show



Miss Elizabeth Morley, who organised the show, Mr. M. T. W. Marsh, and Mrs. Petty, hon. secretary of the Pony Club



Lt.-Col. Jack Lotinger, Miss Mary Bailey and Capt. William Bailey. The dance was held at Craven Lodge



Mrs. W. Bentley, Mr. W. Johnson, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. J. Toone and Miss Audrey Johnson. Standing: Mr. W. Bentley, Mr. J. Toone and Mr. Jim Bromley

Swaebe



Self-Profile

Leslie Banks

by

Leslie Banks

The phrase "a born actor" is perhaps the most satisfactory brief description of Leslie Banks. His career, as modestly set out by himself, is that of one who has felt an imperative call to a vocation, the obstacles of which have proved in the end as stimulating and rewarding as the successes. A native of Derbyshire, he received his early education at Hoyle, Cheshire, before going on to Oxford, where he took a momentous decision to forsake divinity for the drama. In the First World War he served for four years with the Essex Regiment. His theatrical and film experience are immense, ranging from Shakespeare and Shaw to Edgar Wallace, taking in every kind of character by the way, and including producing as well as acting. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts

Houston Rogers

It had never struck me until now that I should ever sit down and write about Leslie Banks. A curious task, I must say, and, between you and me, just a shade embarrassing for a rather shy man (and a very, very difficult one, too). I suppose I should begin at the beginning. And yet I don't know. . . . It wouldn't matter very much if I went from here to there. Would it?

I'll tell you of the things I remember most vividly first, and if you want me to go on, I will.

At the beginning of my stage career three famous people gave me advice, an actor, an actress, and a critic. Said the actor, "Laddie, you will NEVER be a success if you insist on wearing a bowler hat." Said the actress, "Darling, you will NEVER be a great actor because you are too happy in your family life." Said the critic: "Old boy, no man can be happy and successful on the stage and happy and successful in his home—those two things don't mix."

Who am I to contradict these delightful people? But I'll say, quickly, that I still wear a bowler hat on the stage and off (*Life With Father*, at the Savoy Theatre, proves that I do); and that I wish every man were as happy as I in his private life, and in his work.

Three Daughters

I AM what is known as a family man. My charming and delightful wife and I have three lovely daughters (forgive me, but that's how I feel about them all). There's Daphne, the eldest, a successful interior decorator, married now and the mother of an enchanting boy; there's Virginia, three years in the Land Army and two years in the Red Cross, and now beginning to follow her sister in the decorating business; and there's Evangeline, at the Webber-Douglas' School, learning to be an actress. We live in a quiet house in London, and have collected some pieces of old, beautiful furniture. Yes; you're right. . . . I am a lucky fellow.

I have been asked often why I became an

actor. I don't really know. I was an only son in a large family; neither my father, mother nor sisters were in the least theatrically minded. But I remember that at the age of eight I had made myself a crude toy theatre, and that my audience was the cook and a maid, and my sisters' dolls; and I remember (can I ever forget?) a few years later producing a Greek play in a friend's house. In this production a beautiful crystal chandelier was used from which at the psychological moment I was to descend as *deus ex machina*. And—yes, you're so right—it crashed and broke into a thousand pieces. It nearly brought down the ceiling and my friend's father, who was reading in the room immediately above us!

Youthful Pioneer

LATER, when I was at Trinity College, Glenalmond, I produced a play, *Old Gooseberry*, the first play to be produced there. We started a tradition, and now there is one each year, at the end of the Christmas term. Not of the *Old Gooseberry* standard, of course—they now do some of the finest productions of the classics I have seen.

I managed to get myself to Oxford with a classical scholarship and studied for the Church at Keble College. It was at that time I decided I'd like to change everything and take up the stage as a career. There was, naturally, a great deal of opposition from my family, but they finally agreed. (This reminds me that at a recent garden party I met several old college friends—all bishops. . . . My wife was very amused and rather impressed—so much more distinguished than actors.)

My first appearance was at the Town Hall, Brechin, with F. R. Benson's company in *The Merchant of Venice*, another event I shall remember all my life. I was Old Gobbo (what a wonderful part for a very young actor), and in the enthusiasm and inspiration of it all I stepped on my beard, fell through the scenery and succeeded in bringing the whole lot crashing on to the stage. The Bishop of Brechin was in the audience, and he laughed so much at this

complete and absolute disaster that he fell backwards out of his chair and had to be rescued by his chaplain. A good beginning.

After the Other War

I TOURED this country for a while, and Canada and the United States (with H. V. Esmond and Eva Moore), and made my first appearance in New York in *Eliza Comes to Stay*, and then the 1914-18 war took up the next four years of my life. When I was demobilised I struck a bad patch and after nearly a year without a single job I began to wonder if I had perhaps made a mistake about acting as a career. (May I say that it was because of this that I was determined this same thing shouldn't happen, if I could help it, to the ex-Service actors this time. Actors' Equity, I am glad to say, felt the same way, and made me chairman of their most successful Demobilisation Bureau.)

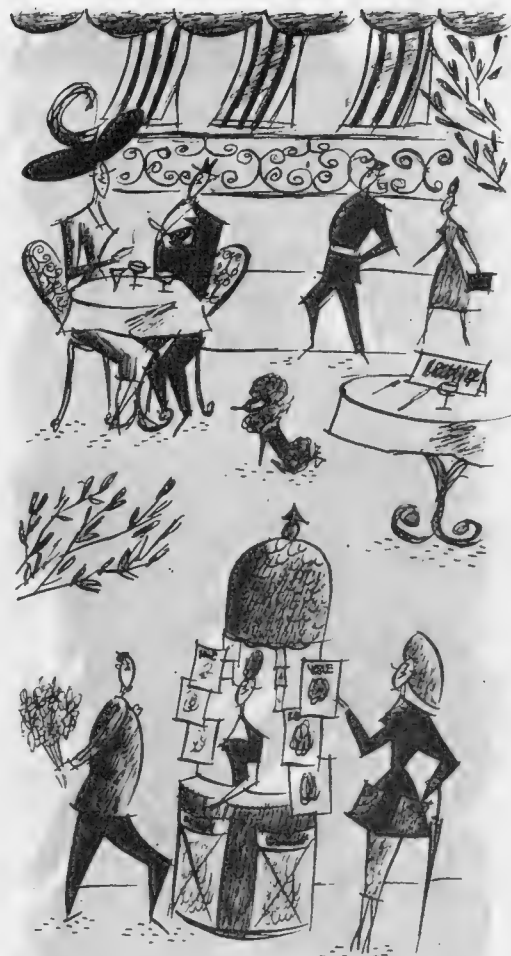
But I did a lot of work in the next few years, in repertory companies (Birmingham, Lena Ashwell, Everyman). I understudied H. V. Esmond and Henry Ainley, and from those two actors I learned more than I could ever say.

I was thirty-eight years old before I played my first real juvenile lead in the West End, *The Infinite Shoeblick*—and from there I seem to have appeared in quite a number of plays—sixty or thereabouts.

I have enjoyed playing in all of them enormously, and I hope you have enjoyed some of them. It has been hard work, but as I have told you already—well, I think I'm a lucky man.

No Bookworm

I HAVE been asked many times what I do with my spare time. With the little I have I paint, play golf very occasionally, and read even more occasionally. Which reminds me, when my wife suggested buying me a book recently I unashamedly quoted my friend Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who, in similar circumstances, said, very simply: "No; please don't buy me a book. I've got one." My trouble is I can never make up my mind whether to read John Donne or Peter Cheyney.



Priscilla in Paris

Table Talk

CHAUCER has told us that: "... the firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere, Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tongue"! A wise command indeed, but what fun would be missed if it was obeyed. I was sitting, during the evening *apéritif* hour yesterday, at one of the little tables outside Fouquet's on the Champs Elysées, and this is what I heard:

"*Ma chérie!* How nice you look! New *imples* everywhere!" *Ma chérie* passed my hair, murder in her eye, tightening her already too-tight belt and thus accentuating regrettable bulges above and below. A party of young people, sun-tanned and riotously healthy, were recounting their Riviera experiences: "Wasn't Greta Garbo too divine for words! We saw her when she came down to the coast after staying with Lady Mendl at Versailles!"—

But what clothes, *très cher!* Floppy hat, sun-glasses, flat heels and bobby-sox. . . One can't even try to describe the garment she was wearing!" The oldest member of the group, a mature, twenty-five at least, in tones of rapture: "But it was Garbo!" The youngest member, a mere fifteen: "Who is Garbo?"

A HEATED discussion arose between two long-haired youths as to whether Maeterlinck, who, after his seven years' exile, has returned to his lovely house on the outskirts of Nice, is wearing his years as light-heartedly as the great G.B.S. "Anyway, the Belgian has five years to go before he attains Shaw's ninety-one and at that age Peace Years count double!"—"They say he's not going to write any more!"—"Maybe, but all the same he has brought back seven new plays from the States to go on with . . . and *The Blue Bird* is to be revived at the Théâtre Pigalle this winter."—"Only after the production of Mme. Simone's new play *Alceste*, in which she will play herself, and after which she, also, threatens to retire!"—"Is it a threat or a promise?"—"Have you read Georgette Leblanc's posthumously published memoirs: *La Machine à Courage?* Marvellous. And courageous, indeed. Not speaking a word of English, without money and without friends, she must have had a terrible time in New York!"—"And how tactfully she draws a veil over certain matters."—"Not like Maurice Chevalier's plain speaking in the second volume of his reminiscences that has just appeared:

Ma Route et mes Chansons or Londres, Hollywood et Paris. What an eye-opener!"

An English voice chimes in, "Amazing how outspoken these French writers are. And nobody seems to mind." A Gallic voice replies: "The moving finger writes and, having writ . . . is forgotten! Over here we are only afraid of one thing, and that is ridicule. Nothing is more ridiculous than to show that one is hurt." An American voice blares: "Boy, you've said an earful!"

TWO pretty little ladies seemed very excited about Geneviève Guitry's début in a song-number at Deauville, where she had a big success, looked charming and sang charmingly. "She's studied with Mario Podestat," cooed the first little lass, "they say he could teach anybody to sing!"—"Don't you mean 'chirp'?" murmured the second little green-eyed monster. A masculine voice declared: "Geneviève has a tiny but lovely voice, and when she stars in *Le Roi Pausole* at the Daunou this autumn, all Paris will be there to cheer." A feminine voice: "Did you see Merle Oberon at the Molyneux collection the other day? She's gone all long-skirted, right down to her ankles!"—"More's the pity," declared the nice man's voice again, "while the girls with the grand-piano legs still insist on wearing kilts!"

"Did you hear that they wanted to take Monty to see the show at Tabarin?" asked someone else. "Yes. But the protocol vetoed the idea in time!"—"How the crowd cheered him at the Arc de Triomphe. He was a much bigger draw than Orson Welles with or without Martine Carroll."—"Does anyone know," asked a gentle string-baggish-looking woman, "whether one can fry the new potato-bread? It would be so nice to have steak and fried potatoes again."—"No," came the answer, "but you can make vinegar with the wine rations now on sale."—"How Ollendorffian!" said another.—"Are you returning to London by air or surface transport?" enquired a pretty voice with a cute French accent. "Neither," came the disgruntled reply; "I shall walk and swim."

And then the clock struck nine and I remembered that I had a dinner engagement for eight-thirty, so I tore myself away, realising, for the thousandth time, that: *les meilleures choses ont une fin.*



Voilà!

● A notice hung on the wall of a small restaurant near the Central Markets in Paris reads: "If you are in the habit of spitting on the floor of your own room kindly do so here, we like you to feel at home."

Result: Nobody spits.

THE CAVALCADE OF A PLUTOCRAT

"EDWARD, MY SON"

Robert Morley and Noel Langley are joint authors of a cynical morality play, decked with no little wit, which provides London audiences with some of the best pure "theatre" in town. Morley as the unscrupulous but very human Lord Holt, depicts his

Lordship's progressive machinations for the worthless son who is perpetually "off stage."

In ten scenes the play covers twenty-eight years in the lives of four characters who are made memorable and vivid by a nice balance of acting and writing



Sir Arnold Holt (Robert Morley) perceives for the first time the charms of his secretary (Leueen MacGrath)



Eileen Perry, now the financier's mistress, finds her heart bewitched by the force of her lover's personality



1919 Peggy Ashcroft as Evelyn suburban hopes for the new



1934 Disillusion. Edward is six father's blood is already telli



Sir Arnold, threatened with divorce, exchanges trickery for violence in his efforts to keep his son under his single domination



Dr. Parker (John Robinson), the faithful family friend, arranges that Edward's wife (Elspet Gray) shall escape with her son



1941 The battle is lost. Lady Holt to an easy way of escape, its mark on mind and



Swarbrick

THE GREAT LORD HOLT

Robert Morley as the cynical plutocrat whose driving force is overweening vanity about the son whose life he ruins

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THE six most futile words in our language are: "I told you so!" and "If only!"

Everyone who has been in India longer than the fabled Paget, M.P., knew that neither of the first jockeys to the two leading stables had the hands to hold the kind of pullers they are attempting to ride in this Great Pig and Cow Steeplechase. It is not being run over a course with just the customary old stand-up-and-knock-down obstacles, but one upon which every fence is a death-trap—and there are no rules! It is just, "Do anything that comes into your head from riding the other chap through a wing to knocking him over going into the worst open ditch on the journey."

We can see the sort of thing that is considered quite permissible from what is happening in the Province of the Five Rivers, and it is no worse than anyone who has ever been in that region and farther north anticipated. What an illustration of the truth of the saying that "Too soon is as bad as too late." Repinings are a waste of time. There would now seem to be only one thing that might knock these flaming-hot heads together, and that is the realisation that both sides are barking up the wrong tree, and that there is none too much time left in which to prepare for something far more serious than the partition of the Punjab, or whether The Faithful shall split up into two warring sets of Pakistanis and Pathans.

Any C.-in-C. in India, past or present, could explain things to the leading actors if they would listen, and I have no doubt that India's last Viceroy has, for he is one accustomed to dealing with big military problems, even though he is just a sailor. Things have gone much too far for moral suasion to do any good. There is only one thing that must be hammered into the slaughterers: that this is no time for internecine butchery—because of the Other Thing.

York Spotlights

IT may perhaps be profitable to turn the lamps first upon the failures. I do not believe that we need take too serious notice of the defeats of Ramponneau and Trimbush in the Ebor. In the first place, testing contest though it is, we ought not to regard it as a true Cesarewitch gallop. My local scout says that Ramponneau was the victim of a traffic jam. This concurs with some of the race readers' notes, but no one has suggested that he could have beaten the game little Procne, who, obviously, had them all cold a good furlong from home; but probably he would have beaten both Better Catch and Firemaster.

If he gets anything like a racing weight in the Cesarewitch, I think we had better watch it. Trimbush, with 9 st. 7 lb., was never very far out of the battle, and I suggest that we continue to remember his two miles' win at Birmingham on August 12th and his Summer Handicap one at Newmarket on July 17th, 2 miles 24 yards, beating that ever-willing Voluntary quite decisively at level weights, with the proven warrior Ford Transport only a head behind Vic Oliver's horse. This was a fight with the gloves off.

I think we shall be wise to have Trimbush batting on our side rather than against us on October 15th, and I trust that he will manage to hold the flying Frenchman, who has the packet he has so justly earned. All this is, perforce, written before there has been a chance of digesting the weights which set us a rare puzzle.

Next Case

How good is Black Tarquin? A thousand pities there was not something like Lerins on the premises to give us a definite line. My local scout says that the objection for bumping

was pure routine, for they were all at it, jammed together in a heap. There is no point whatever in this sort of thing, and it is immensely foolish and quite apt to bring about an accident. At a turn there is always the urge to get a bit, but in the straight what's the point? Sometimes, of course, it is unavoidable, as horses are so fond of hugging one another. The herd instinct!

Black Tarquin was beaten two lengths by Birthday Greetings in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, but he was giving 7 lb. In the Gimcrack (same distance) they were at level weights, and Black Tarquin wins by a neck in a bumping finish and in smashing time. So what are we to do? Put them in a hat, or go for the one which most fills our individual eye? And in this regard, I should pick Pride of India and Black Tarquin in preference to all the rest, especially, I think, the former.

However, handsome is as handsome does, and it would be unfair to forget The Cobbler, who, if he has not the looks of the other two, is one of the honest, persevering sort. Some think he may not train on. How can we know at the moment? I do not suppose that the Fielders will produce anything in the way of a 1947 Derby market until after the Middle Park, which, incidentally, they say Black Tarquin may be sent out to win.

Names for Epsom?

IF we are all still alive next spring, we shall be babbling about this one, Lerins, Pride of India, Birthday Greetings, Masaka, and a few more. Incidentally and *à propos de bottles*, I got "nuclear fission" returned to me per typist as "unclear vision." What divination! I hope that Mr. William Woodward will come across and make the Gimcrack speech. He might tell the people who are so fond of showing their teeth, that America also knows the short cut over the Pole. It might steady them up a bit.

Another spotlight on a little Yorkshireman and an Irishman, W. H. Carr, the first jockey to the King, and Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, His Majesty's trainer, for between them they had a nice little picnic party at York. Carr was appointed at the beginning of this season, and the selection has amply justified itself, even though there has been nothing at Freemason Lodge of any eminence to carry the purple and scarlet. However, these things work in cycles and there is plenty of time ahead.

On the first day at York, Carr had four rides and four wins, including the Nunthorpe on Como, and Cecil Boyd-Rochfort trained two of them, Valley Forge and Lady Cross, the Yorkshire Oaks winner; on the second day Carr had two winners, and some consider he was unlucky on Ramponneau in the Ebor. On the third day he won the Gimcrack on Black Tarquin, trained by Boyd-Rochfort, and on the fourth day he had two more winners, Woodflower in the Lowther Stakes and Solar System in the Galtres Stakes, both owned by Sir Richard Sykes and trained by Boyd-Rochfort. He had not to work his passage on either of them, but they were useful additions to a good score. Carr was riding in India the last cold weather, and, I understand, did very well.

If any jockey is thinking of accepting an engagement to ride there in the coming cold weather, my advice is "Don't!" I claim to know quite a bit about that place, and perhaps may glean more than some from the present information. Things are pretty hot, and, unless the performers change their spots, they will get much hotter still. Calcutta, Bombay and Poona are some way off the trouble, but Lucknow and Meerut are not—and this sort of thing is very apt to spread, like a dog-fight.



Warwickshire, runners-up in the Inter-County Tennis Championship. Standing: L. J. Hare, H. F. Walton, W. J. Moss. Sitting: E. J. David, J. E. Mayell (captain), P. E. Hare



Middlesex, who won the County Championship by 5 to 4. Standing: R. Gardner, B. G. Neal, R. C. F. Nicholls. Sitting: G. L. Emmett, Hedley Baxter (captain), R. Carter

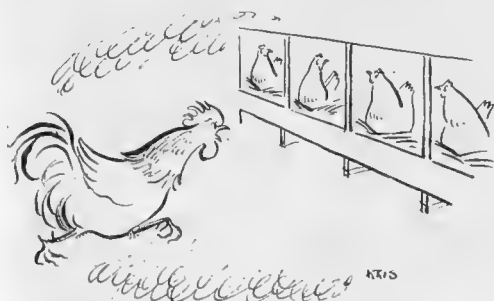


Cambridge, who were heavily defeated at Oxford. Standing: R. G. Salmon, H. M. Y. Hyde (Harvard and Cambridge), R. S. Pinquet, L. A. B. Pilkington. Sitting: L. T. Highett, B. G. Neal (captain), N. R. Lewis



Oxford, who beat Cambridge in the annual University tennis match. Standing: N. D. Cox, T. R. Miles, J. K. Drinkall, G. P. Jackson. Sitting: D. C. Mockridge, R. W. Baker (captain), N. Kitovitz

Winners and Losers



"Hold everything, girls! No allocation this week"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A RECENTLY discharged soldier, who had established a shoe-repair shop in a town, was asked how he was getting along with his work. "Couldn't be better" was the cheery reply. "Two weeks behind already."

"ANYTHING new in the paper, dear?" asked the wife.

"Yes, there was an earthquake at a town that was called Kneojkareslau," replied her husband.

"Does it say what it was called before the earthquake?"

A WOMAN was walking past a shop when suddenly a young man dashed out, took a flying leap into the air with his legs wide apart, and collapsed in a heap in the gutter.

The woman hurried over to him.

"Are you hurt?" she inquired sympathetically.

"No," replied the young man, somewhat dubiously, and then added fiercely, "but I'd like to meet the so-and-so who took my bike away."

HE could neither read nor write, but when a distant relation died and left him a small fortune, he started to cut a dash. He bought a cheque book, but instead of signing his name on cheques he put two crosses, and the bank paid.

Then one day he handed the cashier a cheque signed with three crosses.

"What's this?" demanded the cashier. "You've put three crosses here."

"I know," was the reply, "but my wife's got social ambitions now. She says I must have a middle name."

THIS is one of the many stories attributed to George Bernard Shaw, but we do not vouch for its truth.

G.B.S. was having lunch in a London restaurant one day, when an orchestra struck up a particularly noisy tune. Without any intermission, it followed with another. Shaw called the head-waiter and asked:

"Does the orchestra play anything on request?"

"Yes, sir," the man replied. "Is there something you would like them to play?"

"There is," said Shaw. "Ask them to play dominoes until I have finished eating."



"... I said it's nice to get away from the smell and noise of the city"

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO.3

Fearlessly pressing out into the wilds, Emmwood returns with another unique specimen for his remarkable collection



The Red-Breasted Tantivy Bird—or Brushsnatcher

(Horsfancia-Horifica)

Adult Male: General colour pink; beak wine-coloured, inclined to portliness, often tufted below beak; in the male a shiny black crest is often to be seen, in the female this is not so noticeable; shanks white and sleekly feathered; legs spindly, black in colour, spurred. Bird of prey.

Habits: The bird usually arrives in the English countryside, or Shires, in late autumn and remains with us—though seldom of us—until early spring. This species usually hunt their food in large flocks and are often to be seen by the lucky observer engaged in wild flights over the meadows and hedgerows uttering their shrill trumpet-like cries—a kind of "Yoicks-Yoicks," or, in the older

individuals "Tantivy-Tantivy." At other times the species is unspeakable. This interesting bird will perform this caprice for hours, until it or the observer goes away.

Of recent years agricultural idealists and vermin-lovers have endeavoured to destroy this queer bird by means of wire snares and appeals. This bird feeds on vermin, which is uneatable; it therefore drinks more than it should and, consequently, has a very hoarse voice.

Habitats: Copses, spinneys, long bottoms, quick draws and ditches—especially wet ones.

Adult Female: Darker in colour than the male, similar in other respects; more dangerous when gone to ground in a ditch.



Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations

The match in progress on the second day. In spite of the Hampshire Hogs' heavy defeat by the soldiers, play was at all times keen and interesting

GARDEN-PARTY CRICKET AT WINCHESTER

Officers of the Royal Hampshire Regiment recently played a two-day match against the celebrated Hampshire Hogs Club on the Bar End ground of the 37th P.T.C. Depot, Winchester. This beautiful ground on the edge of the town, overlooked by the Hampshire Downs, gave a garden-party atmosphere to the occasion, which was further emphasised by the presence of

members and friends of the Officers' Club, who were the guests of the Regiment during the match. The weather throughout held flawlessly fine, and though the long dry spell had made the wicket a little dusty, some excellent play was seen. The match resulted in a win for the Regiment by an innings and 124 runs, after some striking individual performances



Mr. W. B. Evans and Brig. W. F. M. Kempster prepare to do battle for the "Hogs." Flanking them are the captain, Mr. I. N. R. Shield (left), and the Rev. L. H. Waddy



David Lee, son of Col. J. M. Lee, with Fritz, the Regimental mascot



Mr. W. B. Evans, Mr. W. M. Holding and Mr. J. B. Peters discuss team tactics

HUNTING NOTES

AN early harvest allowed the Whaddon Chase to make a start with the cubs on August 23rd at Howe Park, where two litters were soon on the move. On the following Tuesday, having roused an old fox from Guy's Thorns, they were taken on to Christmas Gorse, where sport was good. The 30th saw them at Thrift, in which covert, with its thick undergrowth, foxes were able to elude hounds until they were taken home. Things might have been very different had there been any rain to make scenting conditions better.



The country is well stocked with foxes which are nicely distributed. There are 27½ couples of hounds in kennel, all looking in tip-top condition, which, in these difficult times, is a great credit to the Hunt staff. The young entry are showing great promise. This season, the Whaddon have a committee in charge, with Major C. S. Drabble acting as Master and Mr. G. Boyd Thomson, of Soulbury, Bucks, as Secretary. The Huntsman, A. Cluett, comes from Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's.

THERE are now 20½ couples of hounds, including a young entry of 7 couples, at the Great Westwood kennels of the Old Berkeley (East) Hunt. Reports of cubs are satisfactory from most parts of the country and a successful season is expected.

Major Stanley Barratt continues as Master and Huntsman, with Ernest Young as his kennel-huntsman and first whipper-in, while Jack Martin replaces Ben Nunn (who has left to join the Army) as second whipper-in.

Hounds will hunt on Saturdays and alternate Wednesdays, with as many by-days as possible.

On his departure for Africa, Lord Chesham has resigned the chairmanship of the Hunt, with which he has been connected for some thirty years, first as Master and subsequently as Chairman.

Col. G. de Chair, of Shantock Hall, Bovington, is the new Chairman.

AFTER having hunted the Puckeridge Hounds for twenty-six seasons, Major M. E. Barclay is now handing over the horn to his son, Capt. C. G. E. Barclay, who has this season joined his grandfather (Mr. E. E. Barclay) and his father in the Joint Mastership of the pack. This remarkable instance of three generations in mastership together is probably unique in the annals of fox-hunting—it certainly cannot be surpassed.

Ben Wilkinson has left to go to the Aldenham Harriers and is replaced by Ted Paxton as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. Paxton had been first whipper-in with these hounds up to 1940.

THE Warwickshire had their first day's cub-hunting on August 26th, and arranged to go out twice a week for the time being. They have found a fair amount of foxes, but the hot, dry weather has naturally been bad for scent. There are 40 couples of hounds in kennel, and the young entry looked very well when exhibited on the flags at the Hunt's first post-war Puppy Show in May.

Gilson will again carry the horn, with Barry Boyle as first whipper-in, and a newcomer, Fred Barns, as second whipper-in. Gibbs has succeeded Edwards, who has retired from the post of kennelman, which he has filled so ably for so many years past, because of increasing infirmity.

FOR the coming season, Col. D. C. Part and Col. R. C. Faulconer continue their Joint Mastership of the Hertfordshire Hounds, while Charlie Samways will again hunt the pack, with Albert Buckle to turn hounds to him. With no changes in the establishment and with some fine country in Herts and Beds to draw, a good season is expected. There is a strong young entry which, it is hoped, if circumstances permit, will enable some by-days to be added to the two 'regular days' hunting each week.

Cub-hunting commenced with these hounds on September 3rd.



Walking to their seats for the resumed match: Mrs. F. H. Powys-Morris, Miss Shirley Powys-Morris, Mrs. E. Denny, Cadet Michael Powys-Morris, Capt. F. H. Powys-Morris, R.N., and Miss Jennifer Hill



Mrs. Bastin and Mrs. J. C. Hudson arriving for the Regiment's "At Home"



Col. J. M. Lee, D.S.O., O.C. of the Royal Hants Regiment, Winchester, who received the guests, with Mrs. Lee, Miss Mills and Major D. Mills



S/Ldr. E. R. Langhorne talking to Mrs. K. Constantine



Mr. J. Davies and Major A. N. E. Waldron, M.C., century-scorers for the Regiment, coming in for the lunch interval

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"DANDY HART," by Hamilton Ellis (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a massive romance about thirty years of transport. It opens, that is to say, in 1832, with coaches still merrily spanning along the high roads, covers the period of strife for public favour between the old and the new, the coach and the train, and ends with railways triumphant in 1863. It studies, also, internal conflicts—our hero, at the age of two-and-a-half, witnesses, from the top of a thymy knoll, a race between two rival coaches along the Bath Road; and later the mature Dandy, working for Craven, the ruthless railway boss, is to throw himself into the struggle between rival railway companies, involving at least one showdown which is dramatic.

Emphatically this is a book for train-lovers—so much so that I question whether the human cast might not with impunity have been left out. No, I suppose that would never do: *Dandy Hart* is a novel—and a novel, moreover, which has achieved already considerable success. There will always, I am prepared to take it, be an opening for this kind of book just as there will always be an England.

For some tastes (including, evidently, my own) this type of fiction runs almost too true to type. It can be guaranteed to produce strong scenes with the punctual regularity with which meals are served in any well-run establishment; the characters are clearly cut out, brightly (or, when appropriate, blackly) painted, and afford few surprises. Period dress and interiors are always effectively and correctly drawn; and even the weather plays up—tempest of every kind may be counted on to play its part in the plot.

IN *Dandy Hart* we have a sturdy hero who may be liked without qualification. His father is a tyrant of the type of which we, apparently, cannot have enough: Bible in one hand, thonged whip in the other, Mr. Hart chastises his children with a sadistic leer, wears out his gentle wife—who dies in the course of having just one too many of many babies—aspires, loathsomely, to the hand of his daughter's pretty, youthful companion, and half-kills the elder son who becomes his rival in love.

It is to be expected that Mr. Hart, senior, should oppose progress in every form: he has, indeed, financial as well as psychological reasons for doing so, for he is a coach-owner in a big way. When forced to face the fact that railways have come to stay, he plunges heavily into speculation.

Against Mr. Hart, on the side of sweetness and light, is ranged Aunt Sappho, his renegade youngest sister, who lives at Brighton, still thriving upon her profits as a retired Regency belle. Aunt Sappho's disabused language and behaviour is an eye-opener to the Hart children when she comes to visit—she takes a fancy to Leander (or Dandy) and becomes, though always second to his passion for transport, a formative influence in his life.

Aunt Sappho's daughter, Josephine, child of the only lover she ever loved, has been reared with impeccable correctness—only to fall for the tough Dandy. The opposition, in Dandy's life, to Josephine's band-boxy exquisiteness is Sarah, upright daughter of the engine-driver Pilbeam. For Dandy, turning his back on

"Dandy Hart" "Winning Hazard"
"The Glass of Fashion"
"Early Morning Poison"

his father's house, has thrown in his lot with the Pilbeams and become a railway worker. Born engineer and inventor, his rise from the ranks is inevitable: Boss Craven knows a man of worth when he sees one.

MY complaint about the human part of this book is that everything takes such a long time to happen. So, it may be argued, everything does in life. But surely it is the business of fiction to short-circuit? Does the novelist really have to put everything down in black and white; may he not allow for a certain ability on the part of the reader to fill in gaps for himself, to supply missing scenes and dialogue, to take for granted what has not been said? Mr. Ellis tells the story of Dandy Hart with an almost too conscientious thoroughness—thereby, I think, often defeating his own ends: the imagination of the reader becomes torpid from over-feeding.

Actually there are many novels longer than *Dandy Hart*, which is only 466 pages of rather small print. The conclusion is, that this novel wrongs itself by giving an impression of over-length. The first third of it is vigorous, speedy, original, airy and engaging—what clogs up the story later it would be hard to say. Possibly Mr. Ellis was in error in considering himself bound to introduce sex—for sex is, under analysis, responsible for all the more tedious, because uninspired, scenes. Oh, keep to trains, Mr. Ellis, and let the world go by! I return to my original statement, that all the railway passages are admirable: from these no magic is missing. The romance side of the story should have been left in parentheses.

"WINNING HAZARD," by Noel Wynyard (Sampson Low; 10s. 6d.), is rightly called an "Epic in Southern Seas." This true story puts in shadow, as regards sheer excitement, the "thriller" of fiction—it can afford to be written down rather than written up, to be told plainly, unspiced by artifice—though, incidentally, how well told it is! It tells (to quote, for space sake, the summary on the wrapper) "of a small group of men aboard M.V. Krait who sailed into Singapore Harbour and sank 37,000 tons of enemy shipping at a time when the Japanese held air, sea and land superiority."

This was a volunteer enterprise, of which the protagonists were British and Australians. The actual operation took place in September 1943, but was the outcome of months of intensive planning and training, and of an idea begot by heroic vision. Of the men who took part, the author says:—

We were a mixed bag, gathered from every walk of life. There was only one regular soldier, and one regular sailor. Amongst the others there was a teak and elephant man from the jungles of Burma; a manufacturer of imitation jewellery; a second-year University medical student; a telegraphist in the G.P.O.; a coal miner from the Rhondda Valley; a bartender; a grocer's assistant; a dairy farmer;



Fayer
Georgette Heyer (Mrs. R. Rougier), from whom a new book is promised shortly. Her "The Reluctant Widow" is to be filmed

RECORD OF THE WEEK

PRIOR to 1939 Paul Schoeffler visited England almost every year following his first appearance with the Dresden Opera. He created the role of Schwanda in the first English performance of Weinberger's opera *Schwanda the Bagpiper* at Covent Garden. Arrested in 1940 and charged with not being a member of the Nazi Party, he explained that he had married an English wife and had never been in sympathy with the Party. He was sent to a concentration camp and was eventually released on the condition that he never sang again. He was the first Austrian artist to be allowed to enter this country after the war.

He appears with the Vienna State Opera Company now giving a short season at Covent Garden, and is singing in *Così fan Tutti*, *Don Giovanni* and *Marriage of Figaro*. His latest record is of *Verborgenheit* and *Gesang Weylas*, by Hugo Wolf. He is brilliantly accompanied by Ernest Lush, and his interpretation of these lovely songs is in every way quite beautiful. No one who appreciates lyrical singing at its best can afford to overlook this latest recording from Paul Schoeffler. (Decca M.600.)

Robert Tredinnick.

a banana ripener; a cabinet-maker's apprentice; and a shop assistant. A strange but dangerous mixture for the enemy.

So it proved. The entry into the harbour was made by the operational party in explosive-laden canoes: before the landing of the party on the island from which they were to take off Krait had sailed, from Australia, nearly 3000 miles through enemy-controlled waters—a little ship always threatened by engine-trouble, manned by men sweating through the nauseous, disguising paint on their bodies. The close welding of fourteen wills into one, the physical and nervous strain, the let-ups, the cumulative excitement, the stealthy passage of the canoes from island to island, the accomplishment itself, the return—all come out through these pages of natural, intimate writing.

Noel Wynyard, to whom we owe *Winning Hazard*, is the wife of one of the officers who took part: she served as Intelligence Officer, was thus connected with the operation throughout its every stage, and was in the ideal position to give the whole story, afterwards, from the collective account. But for her, this epic would have been lost to us, for none of those great adventurers are now living—from a second attempt upon Singapore they were not to return: two died in battle resisting capture after having been surprised by the Japanese on an island; the rest, after capture, were executed.

But that end is no more than a reticent epilogue to *Winning Hazard*, which itself closes on a grand note of free-lance victory after the first success. . . . The spirit of *Winning Hazard* belongs to all heroic time—as Major-General Sir Colin Gubbins's preface suggests, this action must have made Drake smile in his sleep. It is a great thing for children to be reared on stories of heroes—of ancient Rome and of Greece, yes; but best of all of our own. Here, with this handful of men of our own time, canoeing across heavy seas in the dark to take unknown chances, we have everything that is primitive in the race-old poetry of high courage. A story which cannot be told too often; which cannot be reflected upon enough—especially now, when it might appear that the flame burns low. The victory we others have lived to see was not lightly gained: let us watch to see that it be not ill-spent.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION," by Ira Morris, illustrated by Laurette Cope (Pilot Press; 9s. 6d.), is a clear-headed book on the subject of dress and personal appearance. For women, obviously; but at the same time not a book which need fear derision from the masculine eye should it chance to be left about the house. Indeed, I think *The Glass of Fashion* symptomises the status, at present, of sensible fashion-writing.

At their *less* good—over-confidential, coy, and striking a "Now, come on girls, let's all get together" note—treatises on the improvement and decoration of the female form *can* be extremely embarrassing. Miss Morris, assisted by Miss Cope, has, however, steered clear of any possible atmosphere of either trade secrets or boudoir confidences. She opens with the assumption that dressing is an art, which, like any other, deserves critical study, has some inherent rules, and demands inspiration tempered by realism. Many people who can and will talk rationally about cookery, house-decoration or gardening are still a little cagey on the subject of dress—why? Possibly because it goes so near the bone. It is intimately bound up with *amour propre*.

Dress sense [Miss Morris says] is rather like a sense of humour: no one likes to be told they lack it, yet there are few tributes so comforting as to be told that you have it. The reason for this need of reassurance is very human. It arises because the possession of dress sense touches a woman's self-respect more closely than any other feminine attribute—with the probable exception of her power to attract a man.

Before we proceed to make a factual analysis of this all-important element in good dressing, let us make a clean sweep of a few of the myths.

First of all comes the fetish that dress sense is a sixth sense with which some fortunates are endowed from birth. . . . As a corollary to the sixth sense superstition, there is the belief that if you have little or no dress sense you cannot acquire it. . . . Our next item of dress mythology is probably the most insidious since it contains just enough truth to make it appear sound even at a second glance. It is the tradition that dress sense is merely an extension of the personality of its possessor—"that little extra something others haven't got." . . . We come lastly to the old wives' tale that if you spend enough on your clothes you can be perfectly dressed without any dress sense of your own; and that if you are pretty enough, dress sense is superfluous, anyway. . . . However [she sums up], these examples of dress nonsense provide some useful conclusions. . . .

INDEED, they do. Miss Morris writes with good manners, not dealing in "Do's" and "Don'ts," but rather in suggestions and warnings. Her warning against what I have heard described as daydream-dressing is, I think, particularly to the point—many of us continue to be dominated by a quite unreal, sometimes wishful, conception of how we look; there are cases of women sticking to some colour or style because they were told it suited them twenty-five years ago. To an extent, this may be the fault, or *have* been the fault, of over-conservative British masculine taste. But now, possibly, husbands, brothers, sons, even fathers are becoming more open-minded.

Miss Morris's general advice with regard to fashion seems sound—be aware of it, keep on terms with it, don't follow it blindly. Her chapter on "Dress Manners" also invites thought. The second half of her book is devoted less to theory, more to practice. While Laurette Cope's drawings are charming, it is perhaps a pity that what is in the main an all-time treatise should have to seem to attach itself to the fashions of one particular year.

EARLY MORNING POISON," by Belton Cobb (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), is unusual in being a detective story told from the point of view of the local police. Scotland Yard is not called in, nor does any fascinating amateur detective glamourise the scene. The victim has been a pretty, but tiresome, gold-digging young married woman. Detective-Sergeant Hebden and Superintendent Manning are an able and, indeed, an attractive pair—for Hebden, upon whom the opening inquiry devolves, the situation is complicated by love: he is engaged to Janet, the charming, youthful parlourmaid who is to become the principal suspect. Indeed, how such a girl came, in these days, to remain for long in the service of such a disagreeable household as the Firlongs' is one mystery never fully cleared up. . . . *Early Morning Poison* contains some excellent character-studies and neat dialogue: it is both sure entertainment and good work.



Walter Bird

NEVILLE CARDUS WRITES HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Equally celebrated as a critic—and appreciator—of cricket and music, Neville Cardus has now written his *Autobiography*, published by Collins at 12s. 6d. It is a fascinating record of a career which, begun in very humble circumstances, has reached high distinction by the exercise of indomitable character and keenness of intellect. Born in Manchester, his boyhood cricket pitch was a rubbish dump, and his introduction to music and drama was from the gallery of the Manchester Comedy Theatre, where he sold chocolate. He has recently been visiting Australia acting as music and broadcasting critic of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.



Green — Dennehy

Pooler, Dublin

Major William J. Green, son of the late Mr. J. G. Green and of Mrs. Green, of Cork, was married at the Church of the Assumption, Vicarstown, Eire, to Miss Ray Dennehy, eldest daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Dennehy and of Mrs. Dennehy, of Ballymanus, Stradbally, Leix, Eire

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Eades — Butler

The wedding of Mr. J. Jasper Eades, only son of Sir Thomas and Lady Eades, of Knightons, Keston, Kent, and Miss Honor Butler, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Butler, of Chaddesley Corbett, Worcs., took place at Chaddesley Corbett



McNair — Spiro

Capt. R. D. McNair, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Sir Douglas and Lady McNair, of Beaconsfield, was married to Sister V. Spiro, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R., ward of Lady D. Hume, at St. Saviour's Church, Suez



Reeve-Tucker — Cox

Capt. T. S. W. Reeve-Tucker, only son of the late Mr. W. S. Reeve-Tucker and of Mrs. Reeve-Tucker, Whitchurch, Herefordshire, was married to Miss Maureen Joan Cox, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Michael Cox, Whitchurch, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Monmouth



Handasyde Dick — Dodgson

Lt.-Col. G. Handasyde Dick, son of the late Mr. James M. H. Dick and of Mrs. Dick, of The Oaks, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, was married to Miss Gillian Dodgson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Dodgson, of Bartley Lodge, Cadnam, Hants., at St. Mary's, Cophthorne



Munro — Smart

Wilson, Sterling

Lt.-Col. M. C. Munro, O.B.E., son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir David Munro and Lady Munro, of Wendover, Bucks, was married to Miss Edith Catherine Smart, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Gardner Smart, of Doune, Perthshire, at West Church, Doune



Hill — Bowlby

The wedding took place at Buckland, near Aylesbury, of Capt. Leonard Hill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hill, Bolton, Lancs., and Miss Imogen Anne Bowlby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bowlby, of Tring, Herts

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*Photographs by
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FASHION PAGE by Winifred Lewis

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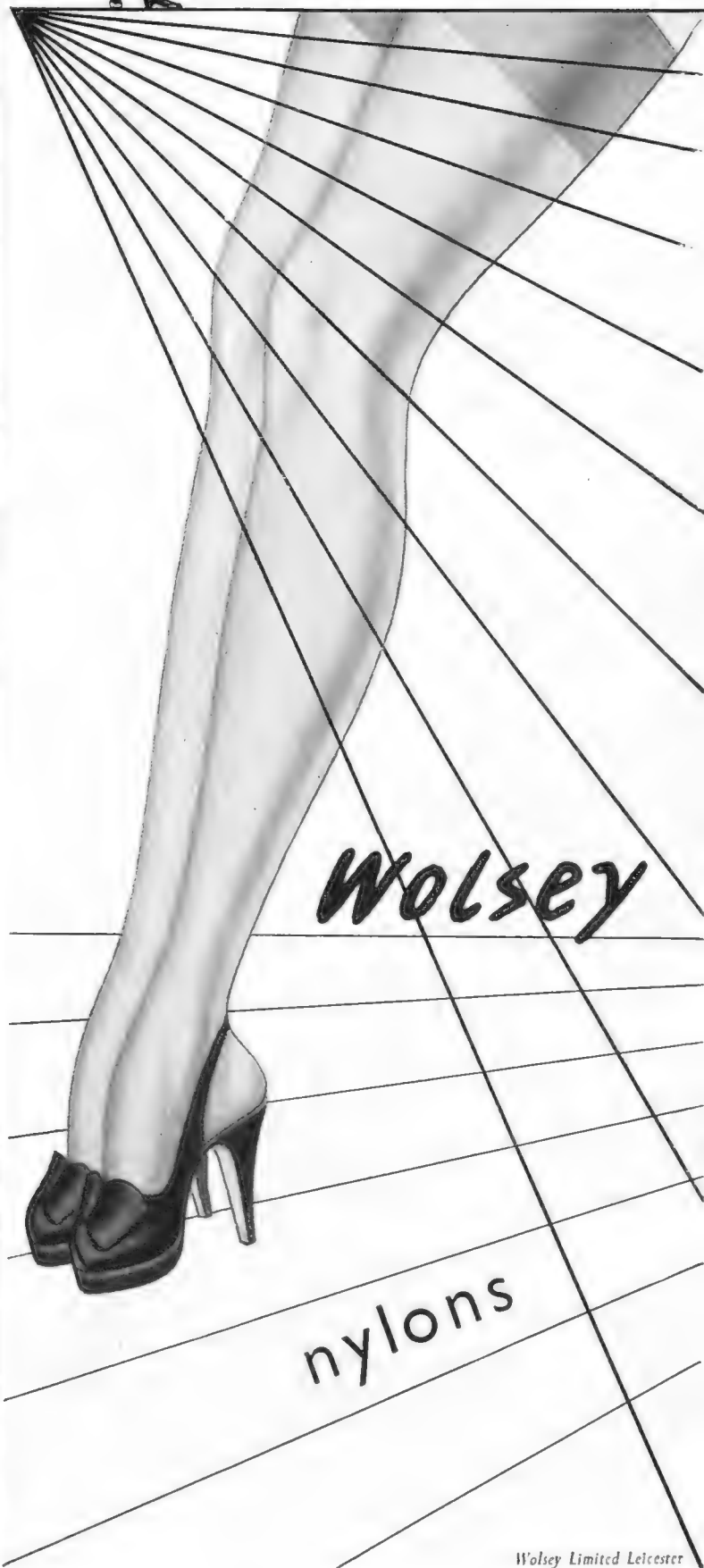
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Miss Elizabeth Ratcliffe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ratcliffe, of the Old Rectory, Fingest, Henley-on-Thames, who is to be married in December to Mr. John Jenner Marchant, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marchant, of Orpington, Kent



Swacbe

Miss Mary Maud Redgrave, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Redgrave, of Withington, Oatlands Chase, Weybridge, who is engaged to Mr. Dudley Herbert Cunliffe-Owen, only son of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, of Sunningdale Park, Ascot



Miss Elizabeth Stevens, youngest daughter of Mr. E. J. Stevens, of 77 Grove Road, Sutton, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Stevens, who is to marry Commander (S) Anthony Woodfield, R.N., son of the late Col. A. H. Woodfield, C.B., C.M.G., O.B.E., and of Mrs. Woodfield, of 62 West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea



Pearl Freeman

Miss Diana Montefiore Myers, who is to marry Mr. Bernard Jack Brown. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Myers, of Cairnbank, St. Andrews, Fife, and he is the elder son of Mr. D. L. Brown, of Bethdavid, Joppa, Edinburgh, and of the late Mrs. Brown



Mr. Anthony Moyese Henderson and Miss Vivian Alma Smart, who are engaged to be married. Mr. Henderson is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. M. Henderson, of Durban, South Africa, and Miss Smart is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smart, of Ferring, Sussex and Pendine, South Wales



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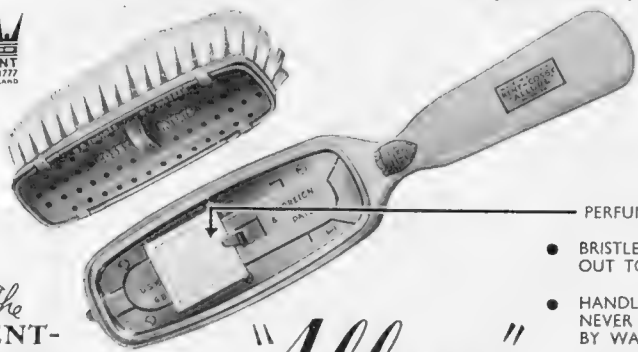
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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

A SCIENTIFIC method of arranging a social reception is overdue. At the moment the guests file past the host and hostess, shaking hands and passing on to the bar. The theory is that they afterwards circulate and meet one another. The actuality is that they get jammed against or away from the bar and, from that moment, find further movement almost impossible.

At the Royal Aeronautical Society's reception for the Anglo-American Conference Sir Frederick Handley Page, the president, and Lady Handley Page received the guests who then passed into rooms which were so jammed with people that searching for friends implied tunnelling or bulldozing.

I was anxious to find Mr. T. P. Wright, that great American engineer and firm friend of England, and nearly everybody seemed to know where he was. They told me exactly where to go. But by the time I had got there Mr. Wright was somewhere else.

What a chance for the Government and its hordes of tame scientists. They could nationalize receptions and arrange appropriately labelled pens and corridors with appropriate time limits so that a guest would have a fixed time in which to finish his gin and would then have to pass on along a corridor while other guests would pass along a continuous corridor in the opposite direction. In this manner all guests would have a chance of seeing all other guests in the shortest time and there would be a large saving of gin.

More Controls

NO organization could be more clearly inspired by good intentions than the Ministry of Civil Aviation. It now proposes, with a great flourish of trumpets, to implement the recommendations of the International Civil Aviation Organization and to set up, within the United Kingdom, a system of air traffic control for eliminating collision risks in bad weather.

And the scheme seems sound except that it does not insist on the standardization of the metric system of weights and measures but persists in using anti-

quoted national measures, and that it cannot be put into operation.

In fact the great disappointment was that those of us who attended the Ministry of Civil Aviation Conference and who were encouraged by the description of the new scheme, heard afterwards that there was no possibility of starting it owing to shortage of manpower. So we must go on flying for a time by the old method of looking out of the cockpit and turning away when obstacles present themselves in the flight path.

And the curious thing is that the more one sees of transport flying, the more one becomes convinced that the pilots of today are flying by almost exactly the same methods as the pilots of the early days. A great deal of talk about instrument flying and the marvels of radio and radar remains—just talk.

Lympne Records

JOHNN CUNNINGHAM's 100 kilometres record is likely to be confirmed by the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*. It seems that, contrary to the rumour that went round at the time, the course was properly surveyed before the flight and that all steps were taken to comply precisely with the regulations for international class records.

The figure of 497 miles an hour is remarkably good especially because of the light it throws on the small amount of loss that is incurred in a modern aircraft like the Vampire in turning.

Squadron Leader Porteous's flight, however, may not be accepted as an international record. By the



S/Ldr. Eric Baldwin, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M., of Leeds, and his bride, formerly Miss Ruth M. Dexter, daughter of the chairman of the Leicester branch of the N.F.U., after their recent wedding at Twycross, Leics

time these notes appear a decision will almost certainly have been made; but I gather that there is some question about whether the engine of his aircraft exceeded by a few cubic centimetres the two litre swept volume laid down for this class. But whether the flight is accepted as a record or not, the speed of 124 miles an hour in a Chilton is a fine tribute to an excellent little machine.

Eight-Mile Dives

I WAS not able to attend all the papers read at the joint sessions of the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences but I was glad to notice that Mr. W. G. A. Perring gave us at last some of the details of the work of the Spitfire pilots when they were investigating the behaviour of aircraft at very high Mach numbers.

This work entailed dives in which 42,000 feet were covered in one minute and in which the aircraft were held at angles of dive of 45 degrees and 60 degrees. In these dives the Spitfire attained a Mach number higher than that attained by the Meteor during its record breaking flights of 1945 and 1946.

The dives were recorded by cameras and the aircraft were tracked by radar. Control was often affected when the speed approached the speed of sound and it seems that most aircraft tend to put their noses down at this point. Fortunately the Meteor is an exception and tends to put its nose up. But all aircraft show marked control changes, and the problem of getting through the sonic barrier is largely concerned with the problem of providing adequate control. Mr. Perring's paper was a valuable exposition of the subject.

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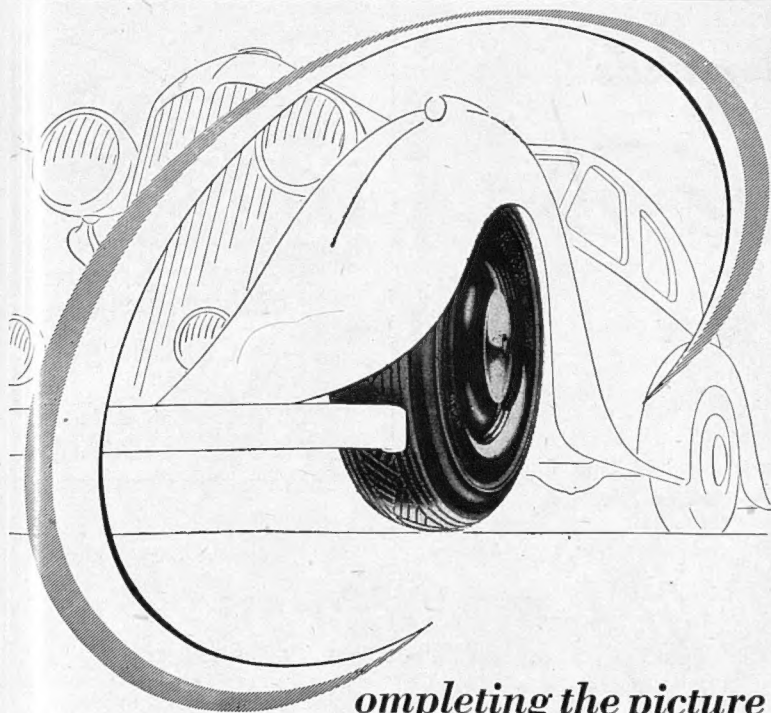
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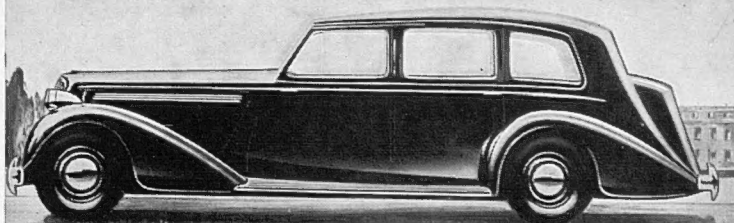


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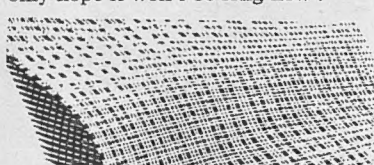


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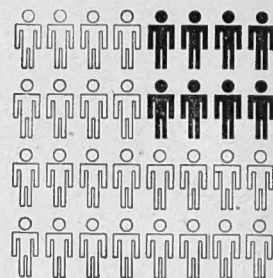
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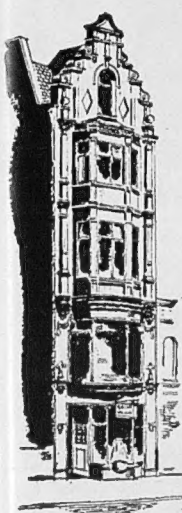
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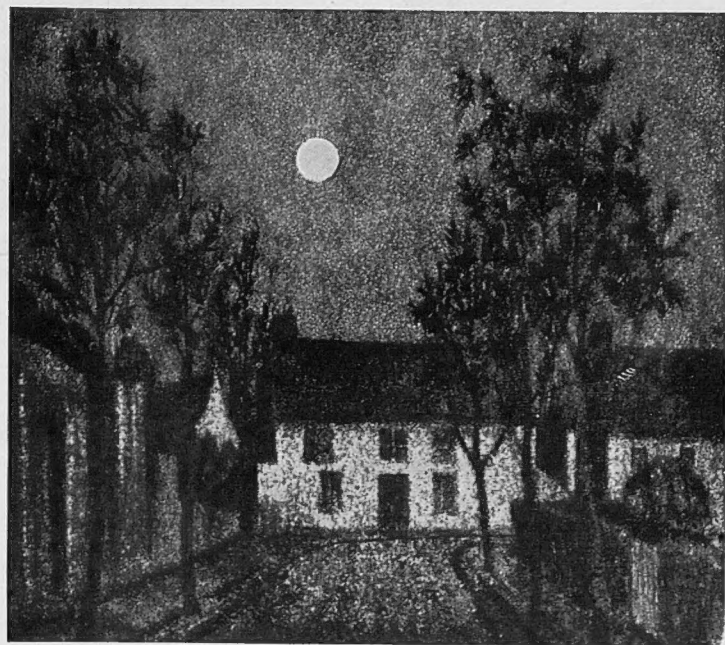
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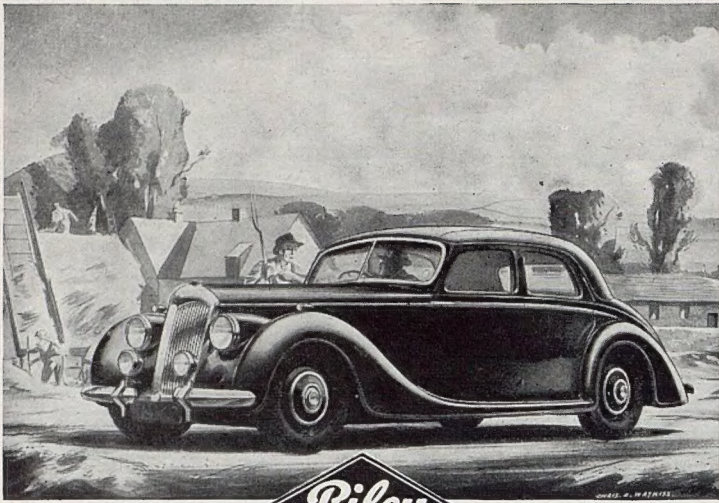
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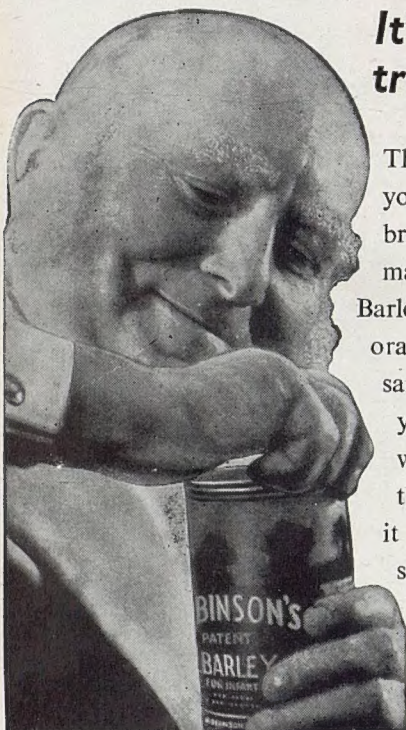
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trick, madam,**

says OLD HETHERS

That is Robinson's Barley Water you're drinking, but I didn't bring a bottle out of the hat! I made it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley and flavoured it with some orange squash. You can do the same, madam, just as easily as you make a cup of tea. A lady was telling me, only yesterday, that the doctor had ordered it for her husband's 'flu, and she blessed the day she found Robinson's and saved all that stewing and straining. Still, we'll all be glad when the bottles come back again.

Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY



Blue Gillette Blades

STILL COST

2/6 FOR
TEN

Including Tax

THEIR PRE-WAR PRICE

**'Good Mornings'
begin with Gillette**